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REVIEWS.

M. ROSTAND'S PLAY.

Cyrano de Bergerac. Comédie héroïque en Cinq Actes, en Vers. Par Edmond Rostand. (Paris: Charpentier.)

Cyrano de Bergerac. A Play in Five Acts. Translated from the French by Gladys Thomas and Mary Guillemand. (London: Heinemann.)

IT seems to us that people are talking and writing a precious deal of nonsense about "*Cyrano de Bergerac*." One can scarcely open a periodical, or meet an acquaintance, without being assailed by accounts of its manifold excellences. M. Rostand, Aaron-wise, has smitten the rock of popular approbation, and it gushes a deafening, an overwhelming flood. "*Cyrano*," we are assured, is by no means merely a good practicable stage-play; it is a great piece of imaginative literature, it is a great poem. It does not in the least depend for its effectiveness upon M. Coquelin's spirited acting; it is essentially a play for the study, a play to be read. And you cannot possibly read it unmoved. It is informed by the breath of passion. It is, to the superlative degree, noble in conception; to the superlative degree, beautiful in execution. In language, in versification, in imagery, in music, it is superlatively beautiful. It has an irresistible glamour. You cannot possibly read it without thrills and raptures, without tears, without enthusiasm.

That is the sort of thing the usual voice is crying, the usual pen writing, about "*Cyrano de Bergerac*." If, by some extraordinary chance, the usual voice is right, then an event of vast importance has happened to the world, an event of the vastest importance, of the rarest occurrence. If the usual voice is right, nothing less than this has happened: the world's too-slender treasury of imperishable masterpieces has been enriched by one; and a new name must be blazoned upon the

world's roll of imperishable poets. Dante, to adapt an old saw to a fresh purpose,

"Dante must move and sit a thought more high
To Goethe, and therewith Corneille must try
To squeeze up nearer Shakspeare, and make space
For Rostand in their narrow lofty place."

If the usual voice is right. . . ? But is the usual voice ever right? If in this instance it should prove to be so, a rare event has preceded an event unheard-of. A masterpiece has been produced; and the voice of the majority has immediately acclaimed it. For the first time in human history the multitude has accorded immediate recognition to a masterpiece. It seems antecedently unlikely, it seems too good to be true. But it isn't inconceivable; and, after all, there must be a first time for everything.

For our own part, we took up "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" with a hundred predispositions in its favour. To be sure, we distrusted the admiration of the mob, we distrusted the encomiums of M. Francisque Sarcey. On the other hand, however, friends for whose taste in questions of literature we still preserved much respect, had given us their word that "*Cyrano*" in very deed merited the best that had been said about it, was in very deed a high emotional poem, delivered in felicitous, distinguished, musical verse. "Yes," they asseverated, "in spite of M. Sarcey and the rabble, '*Cyrano*' is something infinitely greater than a mere good workaday stage-play. It really is a great heroic poem. The central idea is quite magnificent, a veritable inspiration. It is rich in lines of the most exquisite beauty. It will move you to laughter, it will move you to sobs. Read it. Then go to see it. You will agree with us." One's scepticism was disarmed. One opened the little apple-green volume with all sorts of anticipations.

We received our first vaguely unpleasant shock at the dedication:

"C'est à l'âme de Cyrano que je voulais dédier ce poème. Mais puisqu'elle a passé en vous, Coquelin, c'est à vous que je le dédie."

"But surely," someone cries out, "that is very pretty. It's witty, it's graceful, it's a charming little conceit." Precisely. And that is why it jarred. To find a charming little conceit at the threshold of a great heroic poem! A smart little compliment, smacking of the Boulevards. It struck us, in view of the solemn business that was to follow, as just the least bit trivial, the least bit inexpensive. However, it was merely the dedication. We must put it behind us, and push on.

Premier acte; scène première. A theatrical performance at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. The public arrive little by little: cavaliers, citizens, lackeys, pickpockets, marquises, &c., &c. The first three or four pages are entirely unimportant—as befits a serviceable stage-play. The audience will be seating themselves, bustling, rustling; no one will hear the first half-dozen speeches; so, in a serviceable stage-play, the less you make of them, the better. But presently, as things

become quieter, we get a statement that is relevant: Montfleury is about to play in the "*Clorise*" of M. Balthazar Baro. With that, enter Christian, Lignière, and others, and we pass to Scene II. And thus far, be it remarked, we have sought in vain for a single line which even the most indulgent reader could pronounce notable. We have found perfectly ordinary dialogue in perfectly mechanical Alexandrines. But on the third page of Scene II., we are treated to a bit of irony. A young man asks his father whether any of the Académie are present, and the simple-minded father answers:

"Mais . . . j'en vois plus d'un membre; Voici Boudu, Boissat, et Cureau de la Chambre; Porchères, Colomby, Bourzeys, Bourdon, Arbaud . . .
Tous ces noms dont pas un ne mourra, que c'est beau!"

The irony isn't bad? No; but perhaps a trifle hackneyed—seeing that the too-mortal immortals, the "forty with the wit of four," have been the by-word of French wags any time these two centuries past. Good enough for a mere business-like stage-play, indeed. But for a great original piece of imaginative literature? We had not sat down to this banquet prepared for *réchauffés*.

From Scene II., we learn that Christian is in love with Roxane; that Roxane is cousin to Cyrano; and that Cyrano himself is an odd-mannered, truculent fellow, with a preposterously ugly nose. We learn too that a row is imminent—that Cyrano, "having taken the actor Montfleury in hatred," if we may follow the French idiom, "has forbidden him, during a month, to reappear on the stage." And, sure enough, the row ensues. The curtain rises; Montfleury begins his lines; Cyrano arrives, interrupts, threatens; the public grumble, hiss; and Montfleury beats an ignominious retreat. Meanwhile, we, the readers are keeping a sharp eye for those famous *beaux vers* we have heard so much of. Alas, we find them not. We submit that in the whole first act of "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" there is not one couplet that, tried by any reasonable standard of French poetry, can be called beautiful. It is all smooth, mouth-filling, easy to read: but beautiful? *Nenni-dà!* Sometimes it is not without wit, not without humour, not without cleverness. But beautiful? Who will seriously maintain that it is beautiful? Showy—yes. Good, glib, effective verse, eminently adapted to the purposes of a stage-play—certainly. But beautiful? Well, beautiful in the same sense in which a successful piece of scene-painting may be beautiful, and in no other. For that is the truth of the matter. The art of "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" bears the same relation to literature that the art of painting and setting up effective stage scenery bears to the art of Botticelli and Whistler.

"Ah, but," some ardent soul protests, "you are forgetting the ballade—the ballade that Cyrano improvises as he fights his duel with M. de Valvert. You can't deny that it's a very pretty ballade."

No, we are not forgetting the ballade; and to prove that we are not, we will quote

it. Afterwards, we shall have a word or two to say about it.

"Ballade du duel qu'en l'hôtel bourguignon
Monsieur de Bergerac eut avec un bëlître.

"Je jette avec grâce mon feutre,
Je fais lentement l'abandon
Du grand manteau qui me calfeutre,
Et je tire mon espadon;
Élégant comme Céladon,
Agile comme Scaramouche,
Je vous prévienne, cher Mirmidon,
Qu'à la fin de l'envoi je touche.

"Vous auriez bien dû rester neutre;
Où vais-je vous larder, dindon? . . .
Dans le flanc, sous votre maheutre? . . .
Au cœur, sous votre bleu cordon? . . .
— Les coquilles tintent, ding-don! . . .
Ma pointe voltige: une mouche!
Décidément . . . c'est au bedon,
Qu'à la fin de l'envoi je touche.

"Il me manque une rime en eutre . . .
Vous rompez, plus blanc qu'amidon?
C'est pour me fournir le mot pleutre!
— Tac! je pare la pointe dont
Vous espériez me faire don;—
J'ouvre la ligne,—je la bouche . . .
Tiens bien ta broche, Laridon!
A la fin de l'envoi je touche.

"ENVOI.

"Prince, demande à Dieu pardon!
Je quarte du pied, j'escarmouche,
Je coupe, je feinte . . . Hé! là donc!
A la fin de l'envoi je touche."

A very pretty ballade, quotha! A very showy bit of stage-business, undoubtedly. But deprived of the adventitious circumstances of M. Coquelin's delivery and sword-play, considered purely and simply as literature, what shall one say of it? Why, that there is scarcely an eighteen-year-old *potache* in Paris who couldn't turn you out a ballade every whit its equal—equally correct in form, equally mediocre in substance.

We have searched the first act, we have searched the five acts, of "Cyrano de Bergerac," in vain for a line which, tried by a reasonable standard, might honestly be called beautiful. We have found much that is smart, much that is adroit. But beauty, delicacy, subtlety, we have never found. We have never found the *nuance*, in thought, feeling, or expression. On the contrary, we have found more lines than one that are downright harsh, that are entitled to rank as *vers* only, because they contain the requisite twelve syllables. For example:

"Vous avez dit la seule intelligente chose."

Such a line may pass on t'other side of the footlights. But read in the study, it's as irritating as a grain of sand between the teeth. And seldom will one discover unmelodious speech more happily wedded to unsavoury thought than here:

"Cet ivrogne,
Ce tonneau de muscat, ce fût de rossoli,
Fit quelque chose un jour de tout à fait joli:
Au sortir d'une messe ayant, selon le rite,
Vu celle qu'il aimait prendre de l'eau bénite,
Lui que l'eau fait sauver, courut au bénitier,
Se pencha sur sa conque et le but tout entier."

Tout à fait joli, indeed? *Tout à fait dégoûtant*, we should say. And, regarded technically, what of the aphony in "eau bénite, lui que l'eau fait sauver"? And certainly never

was the "phrase toute-faite" more deftly linked unto the "image toute-faite" than when M. Rostand likens red wine—to what, think you? To "flacons de rubis," if you can believe it; and white wine, if you can believe it, to "flacons de topaze." But now, for the sake of justice, we must quote a passage which we have marked as illustrating M. Rostand's versification at its best:

"Un baiser, mais à tout prendre, qu'est-ce?
Un serment fait d'un peu plus près, une promesse
Plus précise, un aveu qui veut se confirmer,
Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer;
C'est un secret qui prend la bouche pour oreille,
Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille,
Une communion ayant un goût de fleur,
Une façon d'un peu se respirer le cœur,
Et d'un peu se goûter, au bord des lèvres,
l'âme!"

That is M. Rostand's very highest flight. And let it be granted at once that

"Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer"

is a pretty line, a pretty fancy. Who will pretend that it is more than pretty? And surely, if at your highest you achieve nothing higher than prettiness, you cannot be said to soar to perilous heights. Besides, isn't the rest of the excerpt something of a come-down? Describe a kiss, if you will, as "un instant d'infini"; but can you argue with any sort of countenance that it makes "un bruit d'abeille"? Or was "abeille" dragged in to fill out the rhyme? Another prettiness occurs in the rather long-winded and wearisome penultimate scene of the last act, when Roxane divines Cyrano's secret passion, and Cyrano denies it.

"ROXANE:

Vous m'aimiez!

CYRANO:

Non!

ROXANE:

Déjà vous le dites plus bas!

CYRANO:

Non, non, mon cher amour, je ne vous aimais pas!"

M. Rostand's admirers have made much of this. No one will deny that it is pretty, a pretty amorous self-contradiction. But is it more than pretty? And isn't it just the tiniest mite facile, obvious, *voulu*?

We conclude as we began. When people talk of "Cyrano de Bergerac" as a great piece of literature, as a great poem, they talk nonsense. "Cyrano" never touches the heights that great poetry must touch; on the contrary, it frequently touches depths—of facility, of banality—which great poetry must never touch. But when people talk of it as an excellentactable stage-play, a practicable melodrama, then they talk sense. As stage-plays go, it is a capital stage-play. It has a good symmetrical plot, good quick dialogue, a sustained "love interest," telling incidental situations, and a strong theatrical climax. When people talk of its plot, or, if you like, its central idea, as "quite magnificent," as "inspired," again they talk nonsense. To begin with, a plot is never inspired. As the proverb runs, anyone with twopen'orth of ingenuity and a cigarette can invent plots all day long. It

is when you come to incarnate your plot in the living word, that inspiration may (or may not) choose you for its instrument. But, in the second place, good and symmetrical as the plot of "Cyrano" is, there's scarcely a successful melodrama on the French stage which hasn't a plot every bit as good and symmetrical. A good plot is the prerequisite of a successful melodrama, in France. The plot of "Cyrano"—in what respect or degree, considered simply as a plot, is it better than the plot of "Fédora"? or the plot of "La Dame aux Camélias"? No; to put the whole truth in a word, "Cyrano" is a brilliant stage jewel. Seen from the stalls and boxes, it flashes splendidly; it serves every purpose that the real thing would serve. But taken in the hand, examined critically, by daylight, it turns out, after all, to be just a piece of cut and coloured glass.

As for the translation of "Cyrano" published by Mr. Heinemann, it isn't a bad translation. It contains a few mistakes, due probably to carelessness, rather than ignorance—as, for example, where "bouquetière" is rendered by "shop-girl"; and a few ineptitudes—as, for example, where "l'hôtel de Bourgogne" becomes "the Burgundy Hotel." But, on the whole, it is a pretty fair translation—no worse than translations usually are. Anyhow, it will enable people who don't read French to get the general sense of the original.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE.

Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman. By R. Austin Freeman, Late Assistant Colonial Surgeon, and Anglo-German Boundary Commissioner of the Gold Coast. (Constable & Co.)

Pioneering in Formosa. By W. A. Pickering, C.M.G., Late Protector of Chinese in the Straits Settlements. With Illustrations. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE books of Dr. Austin Freeman and Mr. Pickering resemble each other closely in two ways. They both deal with a state of society, in Africa and the Far East, which recent political changes have marked off as belonging to the past; and they both serve to show, without set purpose, the kind of men who are pioneering sons of the empire, who carry to the ends of the earth the renown of the British name, and of British intrepidity, and who quietly but persistently surround themselves with the *pax Britannica*.

As an observer and a writer there can be little doubt that Dr. Freeman is the better of the two; and his book must take rank as the best authority on Ashanti and the region round about—on all the land, indeed, that lies between Cape Coast Castle and Bontuku. Since Bowdich, early in the century, published his *Mission to Ashanti* there was practically nothing added to our knowledge of the laws, customs, religion, and arts of the Ashantis, until in 1893 Colonel Ellis published his book; and both are now superseded by this. It will probably surprise many readers of Dr. Freeman to discover that the Ashantis,

who are too commonly supposed to be nothing but brutal and bloody-minded savages, have a quite surprising knowledge of the barbarous arts and graces of life. Their modes of decoration of the house and the person are not beneath the most æsthetic taste, as is manifest from Dr. Freeman's illustrations. Pagan Kumassi, indeed, as Dr. Freeman says, shows the height of a self-evolved negro civilisation, just as Mohammedan Bontuku, shows the degradation of an imposed civilisation: Bontuku, which appears in Dr. Freeman's pictures merely an inferior Jenne as represented in Félix Dubois' admirable book on *Timbuctoo*.

Concerning the agreeable simplicity of the pagan natives of Jaman (of which Bontuku, now given over to France, is the capital) let Dr. Freeman himself speak:

"The natives of these Jaman villages had never seen a white man before; and I noticed, at first with some surprise, that those of our actions which interested them most were the simple and commonplace ones. To such matters as eating and dressing they gave the closest attention. Every morning when I emerged from my tent I found a large audience waiting patiently for the performance to begin, and when I took my place at the washstand a crowd . . . closed round, forming a large circle. They followed the whole process with the greatest enjoyment, discussing and explaining to one another the various details, and now and again raising shouts of applause as some peculiarly amusing feature of the performance (such as the use of the nail-brush) occurred. When I produced my tooth-brush and proceeded to put it to its natural use, there was much anxious discussion; and when I brushed my hair up and made it stand on end, they yelled with delight. . . . Our meals afforded as much satisfaction to the natives as they did to ourselves. Our attendants, as they brought the food from the camp-fire, were surrounded by jabbering crowds who pored over the dishes they carried with infinite wonder, and, as soon as we took our seats at the table, the crowd assembled and formed a large semi-circle in front of us, the front rows seated on the ground, or on wooden stools . . . and the outer circle standing. . . . When the cork was drawn from the Commissioner's whiskey bottle there was a general murmur of applause and a chorus of astonished 'Ow's.' . . . As for the opening of a bottle of champagne (which occurred on one occasion after an unusually long march) it simply brought down the house—although the spectators somewhat abruptly dispersed and viewed the remainder of the performance round the corners of adjacent huts."

Such children, mere children, were these natives—wanton, destructive, bogey-ridden children, with the strength of men! That is the lighter side of Dr. Freeman's narrative. It has its adventurous and serious sides, and the serious side, in especial, we commend to the attention of students of our African polity, which, in elasticity and adaptability to strange conditions, does not show much improvement since the ruinous days of Sir Charles McCarthy. The last two divisions of the book, on "England and Ashanti" and the malaria of these lower Niger regions, demand a careful perusal; and, altogether, the volume is more than worthy of the subject and the occasion.

Turning to Mr. Pickering's *Pioneering in Formosa*, we find a great deal of controversial matter of doubtful value; but fortunately

that is dammed up in the Introduction and the Appendices. The most amusing and admirable things are in the volume and are about Mr. Pickering himself. His powers of observation are of an ordinary kind and his faculty of scientific research and inquiry into the manners and customs, beliefs and superstitions, of the people with whom he mixed, is of the most superficial; but when it comes to action or the telling of a story he shines:

"In the year 1862 I was third mate on a Liverpool tea-clipper lying off Pagoda Island, in the river Wlin, some nine miles below the city of Foochow. I was twenty-two years of age, and I had been on the sea since the year 1856, when my indentures were signed, and I, a shivering lad, was handed over to work out a four years' apprenticeship on board one of the old Blackwall East Indiamen."

Thus breezily—"breezily" is the word—does Mr. Pickering begin his narrative, and the best quality throughout is that same "breeziness" of self-revelation and of cheering egotism even when discussing matters merely impersonal. And his narrative at its best springs with an old-fashioned picturesqueness and directness of expression. As here:

"All through the interminable night our little craft drifted about, unmanageable, in the trough of the seas. . . . The gray day broke at last, the gale was furious; the waves seethed with cruel white teeth around us while the spindrift blew in sheets from the tops of the seas. The wild howling of the wind was deafening; one could, as it were, scarcely hear oneself think. . . . The [Chinese] sailors, however, finding that the boat kept well afloat, and seeing that we had drifted off the banks and far to sea in the channel, seemed to regain a little hope. As the wooden anchor and the cable were still aboard they proceeded to rig up a sea-anchor, to bring the boat head to sea, and thus to relieve us from the overwhelming broadside waves. To accomplish this they took a heavy bag of rice, which fortunately remained in the hold, and having collected money from the purse of every one on board as an offering to the Goddess of the Sea, they put it in the bag, made all fast to the anchor, which they threw overboard, and then veered out the cable to the bare end. This contrivance relieved us considerably."

When we rose on the top of the sea, one of the sailors cried out that he could see the Pescadores not far off; and sure enough we soon all perceived an island . . . dedicated to Matsuo, the Goddess of the Sea or the Queen of Heaven."

After some years of intrepid adventure and hard service Mr. Pickering left Formosa at the time of the outbreak of the Franco-German war. He took passage in a steamer of the *Messageries Impériales*, and on reaching Saigon a pilot gave them the news:

"He brought a small bundle in his hand; the *Messageries Impériales* flag—M. I.—was hauled down, and the bundle was hoisted to the mast-head in its stead. As it gradually unfolded itself to the breeze, we discerned the characters 'M. M.'—*Messageries Maritimes*."

Mr. Pickering provokes us to tell another story to cap his. On the overthrow of the monarchy of Louis Philippe, a Sunday crowd visited the *Jardin des Plantes*, and was amazed to find the fine specimen of the Bengal tiger still bearing the label of

Le Tigre Royal. Nothing would serve the furious crowd but that at once, on the spot, the authorities should change the name to *Le Tigre National*; and they did.

THE HOME OF JOHN KNOX.

John Knox and John Knox's House. By Charles John Guthrie, Q.C. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE value of this little book lies in the fact that it is, to some extent, a counter-action to ordinary tradition. It is a collection of such details as are known of the private life of the great reformer—a scholarly little compilation with a large number of good illustrations. Mr. Guthrie is an excellent man for the task, for his knowledge of Scots ecclesiastical history is curious and wide, and he has already edited for modern readers Knox's *magnum opus*, *The History of the Reformation in Scotland*.

The private life of Knox must come as a surprise to those who think of him only as a "stark and fearless opposite," soured by misfortune, insensible to the fascination of the Queen or the counsel of moderation; a good man for the rough work of the times, but, after all, a harsh, unlovely piece of adamant. But great men are rarely so one-sided. In Knox, as in Cromwell, there were the flute-notes as well as the big drum. He had a great deal of the "perfidious ingyne" which his countrymen are credited with. Outbursts of very ordinary human passion are not unknown. He had a hard tongue for an adversary, he loved power very sincerely and largely for its own sake, and—most human trait of all—he was not insensible to flattery. He had an honest taste for "creature comforts," which indeed he well deserved after his forty years of hard fighting. And when this wholesome humanity is joined, as in his case, with the living fire of zeal and a passionate belief in his own cause, then the result is greatness, and an attractive greatness too.

Mr. Henley, in a note to his "Burns," has an eloquent picture of the man:

"He was the man of a crisis, and a desperate one; and he played his part in it like the stark and fearless opposite that he was. But he was a humorist, he loved his glass of wine, he abounded in humanity and intelligence, he married two wives, he was as well beloved as he was extremely hated and feared. He could not foresee what the collective stupidity of posterity would make of his teaching and example, nor how the theocracy at whose establishment he aimed would presently assert itself as largely a system of parochial inquisitions."

In the eighteenth century Knox had as certainly stood with Burns against the Kirk of Scotland as in the sixteenth he stood with Moray and the nobles against the Church of Rome, as figured in David Beaton and the "twa infernal monstries, Pride and Avarice." Perhaps the key is a little high-pitched, for there is nothing we are so prone to as twisting the characters of history into a fancied conformity with our own preferences. Knox was always the

Purist and the Calvinist, and we dare not forget this if we are to understand the man. But just because he was a great man of action and no mere chamber-reformer, he was free from the trivial pedantries of the recluse. He had a hearty affection for his friends, and, what is not very wonderful, he had an extraordinary fascination for women, and took great pleasure in their company. Stevenson's words are not far from the truth:

"One who accepted the large, simple divisions of society; a strong and positive spirit robustly virtuous, who has chosen a better part coarsely, and holds to it steadfastly, with all its consequences of pain to himself and others."

Mr. Guthrie's account of the various fortunes of the house in Edinburgh where Knox dwelt is very interesting. Better still is the rough summary of Knox's life, illustrated by extracts from his own history. It is impossible to understand the full quality of the man unless one reads his own book, for he was a master of style in his own way—racy, vernacular, and living. We know nothing in any of his extant writings which is equal to Cromwell's beautiful letter to Col. Valentine Walton on the death of his son:

"Sir,—You know my own trials this way, but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort."

But how is this for a vivid account of a famous incident, Knox's second meeting with the Queen?—

"The said John departed with a reasonably merry countenance. Thereat some Papists, offended, said, 'He is not affrayed!' Which heard of him, he answered: 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentlwoman affray me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure!'"

BOOKWORMS.

Facts About Bookworms. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. (Suckling & Co.)

Among the odd things that proceed from America must surely be included a treatise on bookworms written from the standpoint of a close student of that intrusive insect. Because if there is one creature associated in men's minds with the Old World, if there is one creature that would be supposed to shrink from the Atlantic passage, it is the bookworm. In the Bodleian, in the Temple, in the libraries of monasteries, on the shelves of dry-as-dust students of black-letter folios: in such Old World refuges we expect the bookworm to bore, to wriggle, and exult. But in the New World—never. Yet here comes Father O'Connor, former librarian of the Francis Xavier College, New York, and the Georgetown University, Washington, with the story of scores of bookworms that he has examined under the microscope, all of them found in volumes on American soil. More, not only does he refute the opinion shared by many bookmen that bookworms do not exist at all,

but he goes on to contradict the theory that they batten only on the old, by producing specimens discovered by himself in an 1868 volume of the *New York World* and the *Scientific American* for 1873 and 1875. On meeting with his first bookworm, Father O'Connor knew elation in the highest. "Here," he writes, "was something more precious than gold. It was knowledge, a new bit of knowledge. . . . No astronomer searching the heavens with his lenses, and feeling a throb of joy as the light of a new star breaks on his vision, felt a keener joy than the knowledge of this new fact brought to me. The new star was but a new, number added to millions; here was a new unknown, unstudied factor of creation." Forthwith the worthy Father set to work, and now he gives us the sum of his researches. Where Aristotle and Mr. Blades, Mentzelius and Mr. Lang, Petzholdt and Sylvester, Hooke and Dr. Garnett, had failed to come to definite conclusions concerning this enemy of books, Father O'Connor offers "facts." Never was such luck as his. As adventures are to the adventurous, so were bookworms to Father O'Connor. They seem to have thrust themselves in his way, to have clamoured to be caught and classified.

Father O'Connor's bag includes seven different varieties: the *sitodrepa panicea* (larva), the *attagenus pellio*, the *sitodrepa panicea* (full grown insect), the *lepisma saccharina*, the *ptinus fur*, the *dermestes lardarius* and the *anthrenus varius*. Of the *sitodrepa panicea* Father O'Connor has examined thirty specimens. In the larva state it is a soft white six-legged worm covered (like Bill Sykes's chin) with bristles. It is about one-eighth of an inch long and moves very slowly. For voracity it beats all competitors hollow. On the other hand Father O'Connor has had the pleasure of meeting the *attagenus pellio* but once. It is "long, slender, salmon-coloured, with a tail of delicate wavy hair." Long is, of course, a relative term, for even a giant *attagenus pellio* would be smaller than a grain of wheat, although looking at it through a microscope, says the Father, it reminded him of a whale. The Father has imagination. In movement the *attagenus pellio* is most graceful. The *lepisma saccharina* is by way of being a freak: it is cone-shaped, of a silver-gray tint, and has three thick tails. Three. Its motion is rapid, like a flash of light. The *ptinus fur* is black-headed and will eat anything, even *The Christian*. The *dermestes lardarius* resembles a hedgehog excessively minified. It resembles also the Liberal party, for "even with a microscope of high power," says Father O'Connor, "one finds it difficult to determine at which end is the head." The *anthrenus varius* prefers binding to letterpress.

With these descriptions, aided by the accompanying portraits which Father O'Connor supplies, any one should be able to identify a bookworm. These, it must be borne in mind, are only the bookworms which Father O'Connor himself has known. There are still others. There are, for example, those described by Mr. Blades in his *Enemies of Books*: the *Acophora pseudospirella* (which is "half an inch long, with

a horny head and strong jaws"), and the three varieties of *anobium*. There is also Mentzelius' bookworm as described by Mr. Lang in *The Library*: "Mentzelius says he hath heard the bookworm crow like a cock unto his mate, and 'I knew not,' says he, 'whether some local fowl was clamouring or whether there was but a beating in mine ears. Even at that moment, all uncertain as I was, I perceived on the paper whereon I was writing a little insect that ceased not to carol like very chanticleer until, taking a magnifying glass, I assiduously observed him. He is about the bigness of a mite and carries a gray crest, and the head low-bowed over the bosom; as to his crowing noise, it comes of his clashing his wings against each other with an incessant din.'" Opposite this anecdote Father O'Connor places an engraving of a bookworm found crushed in *The Treatise on Mineralogy* of Houty in the Georgetown Library. It must be very easy to be crushed by a treatise on mineralogy.

Coming to practical advice, Father O'Connor writes thus:

"Even when there is no exterior sign it would be rash to assume that there is not a nest of bookworms in some valued volume. However, the means of detecting the 'worm' are simple enough. Inspect closely the back of the bound volume. There you may discover little smooth round holes that could have been made with a large needle. Sometimes these holes are at the lower end of the back of the volume; sometimes they will be found along the edges of the back. Should the back seem to be perfect, then open the book. Between the cover and the fly-leaf you may perceive a little ridge or heap of dust—red, gray, or white, according to the colour of the binding. If you do perceive such a ridge or heap, the bookworm has been or is in your book. With the point of a knife raise the paper pasted to the cover near the dust-heap, and there you will find a *sitodrepa*, or *ptinus*, or *anthrenus*. Clear him out at once; scrape the book until you are sure there are no unhatched eggs left. 'As well kill a man as kill a good book,' said Bacon. Better kill the 'worm' than let him kill a good book. The bookworm fed on Caxtons, feasts more sumptuously than Cleopatra dreamed of when she drank her dissolved pearl."

Father O'Connor, you see, is a poet. The counsel to scrape out the eggs is useful only when the book is sufficiently worn to warrant its dismemberment. In other cases advice is offered by an official of the U.S. Entomological Commission:

"One of the best ways of ridding books of this, as well as other pests, is to subject the volumes to a considerable heat in the baking oven, being careful, however, not to burn the leather brittle. It would be even better to place them in a water-tight box, and then to sink them into hot water. Though it has not been tried yet, I have faith that pure *Pyrethrum* powder scattered among the books in a closed vessel would also effectually free them. The only way to actually prevent the attack of these pests is to use corrosive sublimate in the binder's paste."

For the wisdom of the U.S. Entomological Commission it behoves one to have respect, yet of the two evils represented—(1) by baking or boiling one's treasured books; and (2) by seeing them bored and eaten by *sitodrepa* or *lepisma*, *attagenus* or *dermestes*—

we are not convinced but that the second is the more endurable. After all a bookworm takes a long time to devour a volume, while in the oven or saucepan it could be ruined in an hour. None the less, Father O'Connor deserves well of bibliophiles.

MR. COUTTS'S NEW POEM.

The Revelation of St. Love the Divine. By F. B. Money Coutts. (John Lane.)

At a time when English poetry seems given over either to a decorative and self-conscious manner, or to an eternal mouthing of the greatness of England, one hails with relief the issue of a poem which concerns itself with the vaster human problems. It would be idle to point out that there is nothing stimulant to the imagination in unexampled commercial success, and that the Jubilee was at its best a triumph of materialism. It would be equally idle to insist that real poetry is only concerned with thought wherever deepest, and with life wherever intensest. This dissatisfaction has evidently been felt by Mr. Money Coutts, who, in the present poem strikes a nobler and a saner note:

"Upbraid me not because I sing
Outside the violets and the thyme;
I cannot keep within the ring
Where pretty poets pluck their rhyme,

And twist gay garlands for the feast,
Believing that mere shape and hue
Ennoble men above the beast,
Or worms that know not what they do. . . .

And so I count the humblest reed,
Toned to the stream of thought that flows
About the world, an apter need
For minstrels than the trellised rose."

Or again,

"For these cry 'Impious!' these cry 'Fools!'
Unless one sing a martial strain."

Apart from its chief topic, this poem has a strong cry for the present time, an appeal vigorously made for the union of verse and philosophy, for

"Imagination! Truth's own son
And sole interpreter!"

The reader feels behind this verse always a brave and tender spirit, a soul which has at any rate "beat its music out"; which will not compromise, which cannot lie, which is in love with the highest that it sees. Such is a general impression left on the mind. Looked at more closely the poem has a distinct resemblance to "In Memoriam," which is at once a merit and a defect. The defect is largely technical, inasmuch as the verse is continually teasing the ear with reminders of the older poem. This is chiefly regrettable when Mr. Money Coutts has something new to utter; for the freshness of the thought is marred by a cadence suggestive of something heard before. I am aware that the verse is not precisely that of "In Memoriam"; but the resemblance is sufficiently strong to be unfortunate. The merit of the resemblance lies in the strong dealing with modern questions; and, indeed, the present poem seems to be the more honest and unflinching of the two. I might

instance the following verse as dangerously Tennysonian:

"He clammers to the lonely peaks,
He drifts about the lonelier sea,
To hear what Revelation speaks
Beneath the night's immensity."

Here, on the other hand, is one verse among many which has the author's valorous honesty:

"Apologists for God, descendant
No more upon His ways to Man!
First justify the sycophant
To God—who made him—if ye can."

The main argument of this poem is a plea for real passion, for the "impassioned minds alone are pure." The real lover knows no truant impulse, feels no need of chastity or principle. It is difficult to avoid quoting this splendid verse:

"Because ye fear the gift of fire,
Must all the Universe go freeze?
To amputate the World's desire
Could never cure the World's disease."

This little book, then, is an addition to our literature; and it is so, because it has the strong personal note so long lacking, the rebel fire that is lit from clear sight, and a gift of expression both exact and direct.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

IN THE LITERARY CRICKET-FIELD.

Willow and Leather. By E. V. Lucas. (Arrowsmith's Bristol Library.)

WHY should not cricket have its literature in the true sense, the æsthetic sense, of that word? Why not, indeed? Cricket is "English, quite English, you know"; it is no less national than the Navy, the ale, and the roast beef of Old England—all of which have been memorised in prose and verse of excellent quality. Grace and Gladstone are twin heroes, a little in front (popularly) of the two Robertses, who have both obtained reputation by their cool courage amid the balls. It is a national disgrace that the game should so long have been left to the slang-slinging reporter and the amateur rhymester. So thought Mr. Norman Gale when he stepped into the breach, and said (in effect):

"I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second Cricket Lyricist."

Now comes Mr. Lucas to second him, with a fresh and spontaneous little book, which will be read with pleasure by all lovers of cricket, and specially by those who are also lovers of literature. We say "literature," in general, because Mr. Lucas is not content with a single medium. He brings to the service of his lady, Cricket, both verse and "that other harmony of prose." "Lady," perhaps, is all too formal in this connexion. An embrowned, a rustic, a gipsy-footed lass should be the Muse of Cricket; eye of ger-falcon, windy-locked, with apple-russet arms—a wench to race the meads with. And, perhaps, though a ringing rhyme may come with careless aptness from her lips, warm and swift-written prose is her directest utterance. This, at any rate, is Mr. Lucas's Muse. The rhymes

are swinging, straight to the mark; but the prose contains the best things in the book.

As regards rhyme, we should say that Mr. Lucas's best style was one unfortunately but slightly represented in this book. It is difficult to define, though familiar enough in practice. It might be described as the *vers-de-société* vein, applied to subjects other than society. Here is an example, touched off with a light, careless-seeming, but really deft hand. "The game of cricket," said Lord Harris, "has also done much for England in bringing the upper and lower classes together." Upon which an amateur and professional batsmen comment from their respective points of view:

"THE HON. SLOGLAY BATT, *loc.*

"Brings us together?" Why, truly,
But parts us uncommonly soon;
I was thought the best man, I remember,
In a match down in Surrey last June.
We were playin' a bloomin' village,
They were labourers, every Jack,
And they put on a blacksmith Johnnie
To open the bowlin' attack.
I wanted to stay for a fortnight . . .
I went in a minute or less,
With a duck to my name and a feelin' of
shame,
For he bowled like a bally express."

"BILL SWIPES, *loc.*

"Brings us together?" but often
I'm blowed if it does much more!
I remember a match last summer,
I backed myself for a score.
We were playing a team of nob's, sir,
As swagger a lot as you'll see;
And I thought as I looked 'em over,
I'm in for a fair old spree. . . .
I jumped for the first half-volley,
My aunt! how the leather went,
But a blanky young toff what was fielding
mid-off,
He hustled me back to the tent."

That is clever and well turned. Amusing, too, is the parody of "Tom Bowling," which we owe to Mr. Lucas's partnership with "another hand." It is headed "Tom (Richardson) Bowling," and begins:

"There's a sheer funk when Long Tom's
bowling,
Our darling with a screw."

The rest of the verse is in more serious vein, full of spirit and movement. The best of them, such as "That Bat," are too long to quote. In a line or two one recognises the hand of the cricketer:

"The handle was thin, with a cane or two split,
And it whipped in the grip when one made a
full hit,
While every particle thrilled."

They do not pretend to poetical poetry. If poetical poetry be possible in such a connexion (one would not like to say), at any rate it is certain that the Kipling of the bat has not yet come. But what they attempt they are; the kind of thing which would make a stirring song at a cricket gathering, when the match was lost and won, and conviviality became in order.

In the prose Mr. Lucas is at his best. He shows always the practised hand, which can treat the lightest and most gossiping matter with a literary touch, can handle even slang without being slangy. The same

vocabulary which is unutterably vulgar on the pen of the sporting journalist becomes, with him, pleasantly racy of the wicket. The article on the old Hambledon cricketers is a vigorous and enkindling bit of writing. It stands by itself, it is true, and there is nothing of equal merit. But if Mr. Lucas's book cannot otherwise be classed as remarkable, it is a very readable collection in the lighter vein, and it is touched with a most human, smiling humour, which never grins through a horse-collar, or clowns it.

THE ENGLISH DIALECT DICTIONARY.

The English Dialect Dictionary. Edited by Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D., D.C.L. Part V. (Henry Frowde.)

THE July part of this bold work bears a double importance, inasmuch as it completes the first volume and contains a preface of much interest, written by the editor. We have had reason already to call attention to the punctuality and, we might say, alacrity with which the successive portions of the book have been prepared and issued, and now, on the appearance of this portly volume of over eight hundred pages, we cannot but wonder once more at the diligence of Dr. Wright and his companions during the two years of actual work at the Clarendon Press.

In the preface, which is marked by that straightforward and confident tone which characterises all Dr. Wright's utterances, and which has made him so many friends, an estimate is made of the value of this Dictionary:

"The work can never become antiquated, and, when completed, will be the largest and most comprehensive Dialect Dictionary ever published in any country. It will be a 'store-house' of information for the general reader, and an invaluable work to the present and all future generations of students of our mother-tongue."

At first sight this may seem a statement out of place among the published remarks of the editor himself; but when we come to look into the history of the Dictionary we only feel that such a prophecy acquires force by being thus taken out of the reviewer's mouth. Before a line of the work was printed Dr. Wright, as he tells us, had exhausted all his own savings, amounting to considerably over two thousand pounds, in preparing the material so assiduously collected by the Dialect Society. Not only was the expenditure one of money, but for two years every moment beyond the time devoted to his official work in Oxford was spent by Dr. Wright in the apparently hopeless task of bringing public sympathy into line with his scheme.

On many occasions the work went on through the whole night, and a twenty hours' sitting has been followed by a day's lecturing and teaching, carried out with no diminution of that wonderful energy and fund of good spirits which have always made Dr. Wright's classes at the Taylorian such good and profitable fun. Dialect would even there slip out at any moment, and many of the mysteries of Old High German and

Gothic phonology have been made the simplest of matters by a few homely illustrations from familiar folk-speech.

The amount of work to be got through before a start could be made is summed up in the following extract from the preface:

"In addition to the great amount of material sent in from unprinted sources, upwards of three thousand dialect glossaries and works containing dialect words have been read and excerpted for the purposes of the Dictionary. Through the great kindness of the Princess, the whole of the MS. collections and the library of the late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte were placed at my disposal for over two years, which enabled me to get many thousand words and quotations from hundreds of small local books not to be found in any of our public libraries."

It is, indeed, in the very comprehensiveness of the Dictionary that one is inclined to indicate a defect. There is abundance of quotations from all kinds of sources, this first volume alone containing 42,915 such illustrations for the first three letters of the alphabet. The result is that we have a perfect medley of spelling-devices. For instance, to illustrate *brass*—"impudence," we find such sentences as:

"Thou's mair brass i' thy feace nor thou hes i' thy pocket" (Cumberland).

"Er's got a face as big as a warmin'-pon, an' as much brass in it" (Shropshire).

"Moo-ur braa-s een dhee fae-us-n dhee-s u-gaut een dhee pau-gut" (West Somerset).

which are all very well, and readable enough by those who can read into the words the pronunciation and intonation of the various localities, but what about the student of phonology, who may be using this work in the library of Tours or Jena? Dr. Wright's answer will doubtless be that he is leaving a wide field open to students of phonology, and this is certainly true. And it is extremely likely that once the popular part of the work is out of hand, the renowned professor will himself take steps to stereotype—if we may use the term—by phonographic or other means, the actual sounds of the various dialects of the British Isles.

In the meantime he is carrying out nobly a task which must inevitably place his name in rank with those of such workers as Ivar Aasen, the brothers Grimm, and Ewald Tang Kristensen, and it is well to recognise this in good time.

SOME MORE GUIDE BOOKS.

Sussex and its Watering Places. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Eleventh edition. (A. & C. Black.)

Guide to London. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (A. & C. Black.)

The Swedish Touring Club's Guide to Sweden. (George Philip & Son.)

Illustrated Guide to Leamington Spa, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry. By Bernard C. P. Walters. (Dawbarn & Ward.)

Wolfe-Land: A Handbook to Westerham and its Surroundings. By Gibson Thompson. (Beechings, Ltd.)

Cassell's Guide to London. New edition. revised.

MESSRS. BLACK'S *Guide to Sussex* is written on those general principles which we recently found to be characteristic of the whole series to which this volume belongs. Minute details are left or only glanced at, the endeavour being to cover the ground as completely and pleasantly as possible. Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Lewes, and Chichester are naturally chosen as the topographical centres of Sussex. We find various regions, notably Pevensey, which is familiar to us, well and accurately described. The account of Hurstmonceaux Castle, too, leaves nothing to be desired.

The *Illustrated Guide to Leamington, &c.*, is a companion to the same publishers' excellent *Illustrated Guide to Stratford-on-Avon*, which we noticed some months ago. It is a well-printed book, and the pen-and-ink sketches serve their purpose very well. Warwick and Kenilworth Castles are fully described. *Wolfe-Land*, as a name, is a coinage we do not approve. Because General Wolfe lived at Westerham are we to know the countryside by this barbarous compound? Mr. Thompson gives us no other ground of complaint. His Guide is well-written, and profusely illustrated with photographs. A chapter on "Fly Fishing on the Darent," by Mr. J. Paul Taylor, adds to the value of the book.

Cassell's Guide to London is a sixpenny production, and in this edition many paragraphs have been brought up to date. We note, for instance, that the destruction of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the reopening of the Alexandra Palace, and other recent events are mentioned. We should doubtless find some defects and omissions were we to search for them. We do note that Greenwich Park is recommended only for its observatory, its fine timber, and its deer. But to these attractions should be added another. The view of London from Greenwich is the most touching and impressive view of its kind that we know. Nowhere else can London and its river be seen together to such advantage, and the majesty of this view has been increased, since Turner painted it, by the spread of the town and the erection of the Tower Bridge. *Black's Guide to London* costs a shilling, and is proportionately larger. It is a clear, good guide-book, with plenty of maps. We think that the attention of the intelligent visitor might have been drawn to the beginning of the great project for the widening of Fleet-street. The rebuilding of one house, which is now set back in a deep bay between its neighbours, shows the destined width of London's most characteristic street in a striking manner.

The *Guide to Sweden* before us is issued by the Swedish Tourist Club of Stockholm, and is subsidised by the Swedish Government. It is a very formal Guide Book, but its utility to the conscientious tourist is beyond question. There is an interesting chapter on "Swedish Art and Literature," concerning which the average Englishman, it must be confessed, is blankly ignorant.

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THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE BLUE FLAG.

By MAX HILARY.

We shall remember *The Blue Flag* as marking the lowest tide of fiction that we remember to have experienced. Although there has never been a thinner ending to the "Spring Season" than the present one, we had not supposed it possible that we should record one novel as the total output of fiction in a given week. We do so to-day. Mark Twain has said that if you are good you will be lonesome. *The Blue Flag* is lonesome, and fairly good. It is a tale of the Monmouth Rebellion, and it has pictures. Doubts assail us as to whether it is properly a novel at all, whether it would not be better described as a boy's story. But *The Blue Flag* is a romance, and may pass for a novel—the only novel of this week of heat and general lassitude. (Ward, Lock & Co. 319 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett.
(Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a remarkable book. Mr. Hewlett does not conceive of romance in the cap and sword vein, unrolls no wearisome chronicle—his *crambe repetita*—of the light loves and hair-breadth 'scapes of Revolutionary or Royalist dare-devil. He goes back to more ancient and more authentic models; has drunk deep of the mediæval well-springs. The very spirit of Malory has entered into his soul, and in one passage—of a maiden's flight through the casement of Tortsentier into the black night—you recognise the influence of that masterpiece of love adventure, *Aucassin and Nicolette*. Not that Mr. Hewlett has in any way attempted to rewrite mediæval romance, as it stands, with its *longueurs*, its iterations and its mannerisms. On the contrary, he has shown infinite tact in taking just what he wanted for his purpose and leaving the rest. He is no student of Wardour-street; archaeology is his slave, not his master. You can scarcely even call him a derivative, so vigorous is his personality, so independent his vision. Simply, he has taken the old motives and wrought them up into a new thing of beauty, a creation of his own. He makes no attempt to retain the old unconscious *naïveté* so proper to mediævalism; inevitably, to appeal to-day, this must be changed for something less serious, for modern irony and modern humour. Yet through the vesture of raillery there shines no less the beautiful romantic soul, of faith in valour, in purity and in love. Writing thus, we have a guilty sense of rhapsody; but, indeed, *The Forest Lovers* has been a fresh sensation. Mr. Hewlett can write! What a sense of colour, of contrast; what vigour, what rapid movement! And through it all the sweet air of the forest blowing, the forest of Morgraunt, so familiar for all its transmogrified names, with its glades and brakes, its oaks and hollies and beeches, its wandering herds of deer and ponies.

On the very third page Prosper le Gai goes out on his quest, thus:

"He never looked behind at Starning demesne, where he had been born and bred and might have followed his father to church, nor sideways at the broad oaks, nor over to the well-tilled fields on either side his road; but rather prick'd forward at a nimble pace, which tuned to the running of his blood. The blood of a lad sings sharpest in the early morning; the air tingles, the light thrills, all the great day is to come. This lad therefore rode with a song towards the West, following his own shadow, down the deep Starning lanes, through the woods and pastures of Parrox, over the grassy spaces of the Downs, topping the larks in thought, and shining beam for beam against the new-risen sun. The time of his going out was September of the harvest; a fresh wet air was

abroad. He looked at the thin blue of the sky, he saw dew and gossamer lie heavy on the hedgerows. All his heart laughed. Prosper was merry."

Of the fightings and the dallies of Prosper le Gai and of how he became more than a lad, the story has much to tell. Also of Isabel, Countess of Hauteville and Lady of Morgraunt, and of Galors de Born, the recreant monk, and his paramour, Maulfry. But most of all it tells of Isoult, Isoult la Desirous, of what that name signified, of her strange wedding, and of her ill-faring.

"A slim girl, somewhat under the common size of the country, and overburdened with a curtain of black hair; and a sullen, brooding girl, who says little, and that nakedly and askance, and in a pale face two grey eyes a-burning."

That is Isoult, Isoult the "earth-born," as we first hear of her, and countless are the adventures through which we follow her, learning to love her much, not for her beauty alone, but for her great soul and enduring love. Isoult milking the hinds for her lord's breakfast; Isoult doublet and breeched, masquing as a page, with crimson hose and green cap; Isoult, the charcoal burner's Jack, black and uncombed; Isoult hiding with the forest-girls in the shelter of a herd of deer; Isoult a prisoner in the Abbey of Malbank, robed in green silk and fastened to a monk by a steel chain: in every chapter she fascinates and delights. And always she bears the same pure passionate heart, waiting for the day when at last she shall win and be won by her lord. So in the end Prosper le Gai learns "how a man may fall in love with his own wife," and the story has its close.

"What am I to call you, lady wife?" said Prosper, when he had her in his arms again.

"Ah, lord, thou shouldst know by now!"

"Pietosa?"

"Prosper!"

"Isoult la Desirée?"

"If you must."

"Isoult la Desirous?"

"It would be true."

"What will you have then, child?"

"Ah, ah, I will have that!"

"It was, after all, but a rosy child that Prosper kissed."

* * * *

A Guardian of the Poor. By T. Baron Russell.
(John Lane.)

THE life of the shop-assistant, so carefully treated by M. Zola in *Pour la Bonheur des Dames*, could not long have escaped the pounce of the multitudinous English novelist, and it has here fallen into good hands. Evidently an admiring student of Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Baron Russell has gone to work in a spirit of realism that has resulted in a batch of excellent and convincing stories. The scene in every case is laid within the realm of Borlase & Co., an emporium—to use the language of the advertisement column—situate in the eligible residential neighbourhood of South Camberwell. It is one of those establishments in which the young men and young persons employed "live in," under a *régime* of fines. An "Improver" is a young lady who serves, without wages, for a reference; and it is of an Improver that the first story is writ. Now—

"Some girls at Borlase's were not admitted to general confidence. Nobody complained of them; they were not much spoken to. In general, you would have perceived no exceptional demeanour of the others towards them; they were simply a little apart, and such conversation as was held with them touched only on business matters or general topics. It did not touch the higher region of gossip. Most of these girls were, for their class, pretty. They had, apparently, no bond among themselves; they were merely a little removed from the general commonwealth. . . . An observant person would have noticed, perhaps, that the other young persons did not embrace them. There is much erratic and unsystematic kissing among any collection of girls; but these did not share in any such exercise."

The secret of this exclusion from the freemasonry of the shop becomes evident in the course of the narrative of Edie's persecution by the unctuous hypocrite who was her master. Her helplessness is exemplified in this passage:

"How dare you threaten me!" he continued fiercely, thrusting his face into hers. "I'm your master! Now go to bed, and think yourself lucky you are not sent away without a character! You, indeed!"

The girl slunk away crying, and locked herself in her room. She was very lonely. Her mother, two hundred miles away in Devonshire, counted on this work as a means by which Edie might put herself in the way of earning money—a little money; and even as it was, the work gave her at least food and lodgment. . . . She might have run away, but she had money neither to go home, nor to feed and house herself in London until she could find some other employment. She had no resource but to bear with her lot here. Grey dawn had warmed to pink and crimson before she had sobbed herself to sleep; and no hope came, only perplexity and shame."

The squalid end was hardly to be evaded.

As examples of direct and straightforward narrative these episodes of Mr. Baron Russell's run on a high level. They are convincing studies of a class of the community with the intimate life of which happier folk—which includes almost everybody—are not familiar: a class that is dull and unsimple, but human; and in the hands of a writer of some talent, the misery, the humour, the romance, the jealousies, the grim pettifoggery, and the occasional heroism of this downtrodden race become vivid and interesting.

* * * * *

A Bachelor Girl in London. By G. E. Mitton.
(Hutchinson.)

THIS is a distinctly promising piece of work. The author has lived and observed, and, when she writes well within the range of her own experience, every page bears the impress of reality. But here and there she tries to get in some touches of melodrama, and then she fails rather badly. The best part of the book is that which pictures the girl's loneliness in the seething crowd of a great city. Judith Danville comes up to London from a village in the far North country, full of an eager determination to win independence, but

"she had been overwhelmed by discovering what herds of poverty-stricken, unattached women there were in the world. They were all striving and scraping in order to live decently; some had grown old in the struggle, others went sullenly on day by day, doing work which was toilsome, uncongenial, and poorly paid, hating their lives, but seeing no hope, and uncomplaining from mere want of any surplus vitality."

When at last she does obtain employment as a typist, the ceaseless drudgery, the awful monotony nearly breaks her:

"Never since her schoolroom days had she been tied to a table for more than an hour at a time. Of course she had often written to amuse herself, but diversified her writing with many a break when she felt so inclined. . . . She tried not to dawdle, but her back ached; and then as she grew more tired she began to fumble at the notes and strike them wrongly, and once or twice she had to re-type a page."

The author makes a mistake when she introduces the bachelor girl into society, where her experiences are more than a little grotesque and unreal. Some of the conversation is smart, but on the whole Miss Mitton's society pictures do not convince or attract us. There is, however, a capital scene describing Judith Danville's afternoon at the Oval. It is too long to quote, but it proves at once that the writer is a careful and discriminating student of humanity.

Miss Mitton has lavished particular care on her portrait of the bus driver whom the bachelor girl makes her confidant. He is certainly a striking figure, but we cannot say that he appeals to us.

Miss Mitton will do better work than this. *A Bachelor Girl in London* is no ordinary first production.

* * * * *

A Forgotten Sin. By Dorothea Gerard (Mme. Longard de Longarde). (Blackwood.)

THROUGHOUT the book one's dominant feeling is that with more pains and more elaboration it might have been so much better. The theme would have endured a less sketchy treatment; the characters, so transparent that you read their destinies in the first chapter or two, deserve more solid handling. Against these faults, mainly negative, may certain positive merits be put. *A*

Forgotten Sin is a quiet novel, and we are weary of flamboyance in fiction. True, there is a suicide at the end, but it is decently managed and not vividly described in black—or rather red—and white, as is the wont of some. Indeed, Mr. Morell, to whom it happens, is an eminently respectable person—in his latter days—and careful of appearances. Moreover, he has been a "beauty man" in his youth, and dislikes the idea of disfiguring his still handsome face. Like Hedda Gabler—was it?—he doesn't want to make a mess. His daughter, the heroine, is rather a dolly young woman, and not half so interesting as her mother. There is a good and subtle scene where the plain reserved woman, who has been married for her money and has not enjoyed it, dimly descries the same fate waiting for her child:

"Nonsense, Mary!" he said, almost roughly, as he turned away. "There is certainly nothing you can do, nor any need to do anything. You have never taken any interest in business matters, you know, and you wouldn't understand. Quite right you were not to torment me with questions. I recommend the same policy for the future. By the way, what day did Mrs. Stanger say for the carpet dance?"

"Tuesday," she replied, instantly withdrawing into her shell. Her heart was big with unspoken words as she wistfully watched the man she had once loved slowly moving about the room. Never since the early days of her marriage had her heart so yearned over him as it did at this moment; and although the emotion was compassion and not love, it almost made her believe for a moment that she could love him again, if only he were unhappy enough, and were in enough need of her; but as to putting the thought into words after the rebuff just received, that was as impossible to her as to commit a murder. She therefore said nothing except "Tuesday," and a moment later added, probably by way of reassuring Robert that there were no more questions coming—

"I should have liked to keep Esmé in longer, but since you wish it—"

"Pooh! you can't call a dance at Mrs. Stanger's coming out."

"A dance may be the beginning of so many things," she sighed, scarcely aware of what she was afraid."

The Fate, who must pass for the hero, is a semi-Spanish young man, who plays the violin, and in the midst of his engagement is fascinated by an opera-singer with "a pair of eyes almost as yellow and almost as fierce as the panther" that she makes her pet. Hence the complications of the plot, happily cut by the discovery that the siren is a natural daughter of the heavy father on whom she desired revenge. Having it, she goes on a foreign tour, and hero and heroine come together in the closing pages. The book, a somewhat uninspired one, is hardly worthy of Mme. Longard de Longarde's previous work. It is readable, and that is as much as can be said for it.

PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR.

THE PUBLISHERS' PROPOSALS.

THE AUTHORS' REPLIES.

THE July number of the *Author* contains a great deal of rather difficult, but highly important, reading. Sir Walter Besant prints the drafts of various agreements which have been drawn up and approved by the Publishers' Association as suitable instruments in dealings between author and publisher. We do not propose to analyse these agreements and the replies to them by the Secretary of the Society of Authors. The discussion necessarily bristles with technicalities. In our Notes and News column we comment briefly on the general features presented by the agreements. Here we have selected portions of the principal draft agreement—viz., the "Suggested Royalty Agreement Between Author and Publisher," together with portions of Mr. G. Herbert Thring's criticisms on the clauses quoted by us. We fear that the subject presents a dry appearance, but readers who care to study the following, clause by clause, and answer by answer, will, at least, find that knotty problems have been grappled with by hard-headed men on both sides.

CLAUSE I.

The Publisher shall at his own risk and expense, and with due diligence, produce and publish the work at present intitled

by

and use his best endeavours to sell the same.

ANSWER.

The Publisher undertakes to produce the work with due diligence. These words, as far as they go, are satisfactory, but the clause is not nearly comprehensive enough. The following points are suggested for consideration: that a date ought to be fixed on or before which the book should be produced; that the form in which the edition is to appear should also be stated, and the price at which it is to be sold to the public.

CLAUSE II.

The author guarantees to the publisher that the said work is in no way whatever a violation of any existing copyright, and that it contains nothing of a libellous or scandalous character, and that he will indemnify the publisher from all suits, claims and proceedings, damages, and costs which may be made, taken, or incurred by or against him on the ground that the work is an infringement of copyright, or contains anything libellous or scandalous.

ANSWER.

Clause 2 may, on the whole, be passed, with the single exception of the words "incurred by." It is fair as between the parties that the publisher should be protected from all suits against him, but there is no reason why the author should indemnify him from all expenses incurred by him, as he might incur unnecessary expenses without the sanction of the author. There ought, therefore, to be some words of limitation by which the author has a voice in any action taken by the publisher.

CLAUSE III.

The publisher shall during the legal term of copyright have the exclusive right of producing and publishing the work in the English language throughout the world. The publisher shall have the entire control of the publication and sale and terms of sale of the book, and the author shall not during the continuance of this agreement (without the consent of the publisher) publish any abridgment, translation, or dramatised version of the work.

ANSWER.

It is difficult to deal with this Clause without, in fact, re-drafting the whole of the agreement, but it should be pointed out that the rights which the author is expected to transfer by this agreement include the rights of production in Tauchnitz form and in America. Such rights are generally left in the hands of an agent, and much better so than in the hands of publishers, for this reason—that a publisher does not, as a general rule, undertake the work of the literary agent. While considering this question, it should be mentioned that one of the peculiarities of publishers' contracts is that in the case of technical works a clause is nearly always introduced conveying the copyright to the publisher.

An agreement containing such a clause should never be signed by an author.

CLAUSE IV.

The publisher agrees to pay the author the following royalties, that is to say:

- (a) A royalty of _____ on the published price of all copies (13 being reckoned as 12 or 25 as 24, as the case may be) of the British edition sold beyond _____ copies.
- (b) In the event of a cheaper edition being issued, a royalty of _____ per cent. on the published price.
- (c) In the event of the publisher disposing of copies or editions at a reduced rate for sale in the United States, or elsewhere, or as remainders, a royalty of _____ per cent. of the amount realised by such sale.
- (d) In the event of the publisher realising profits from the sale, with consent of the author, of early sheets, serial or other rights, or plates for production of the work in the United States or elsewhere, or from claims for infringement of copyright, a royalty of _____ per cent. of the net amount of such profits remaining after deducting all expenses relating thereto.

No royalties shall be paid on any copies given away for review or other purposes.

ANSWER.

The "Author's" complete answer to this clause is too long and detailed for quotation, but we give its criticism on section (a).

In section (a) the royalty is to be paid thirteen copies as twelve or twenty-five as twenty-four. The alternative appears to be left wholly to the discretion of the publisher, who naturally will prefer to pay on thirteen as twelve. Royalties should never be calculated on this basis. All the royalty accounts put forward by the Authors' Society have been (wrongly) reckoned on the basis that the royalty is paid on every copy sold, it having been previously taken into account in the cost of production, that the publisher had to sell thirteen for twelve to the booksellers. This they do not really do, except they sell in quantities, and a great many booksellers are unable to afford to buy in quantities; therefore, in taking the royalty to be paid as in section (a), the publisher is not only profiting by the liberal estimates of the Society with regard to royalties, but is also endeavouring to take in an extra 8 per cent., and the extra amount on those copies, of which there are many, sold in less numbers than twelve.

This fact should also be made clear, that some of the older and more reliable firms have never put forward in their agreements a clause on this basis, but have always paid on every copy.

The clause is also drafted that the royalty should be paid on all copies sold beyond a certain number. This seems to imply that no book can afford to have a royalty paid on it from the beginning. Of course this is not the case, but when such an agreement is placed before an author as an equitable agreement, these points of equity should be clearly explained.

If the royalty is to be paid after the sale of a certain number (generally such a number whose sale will cover the cost of production), then the author must take care (1) that a number beyond the number specified is printed; (2) that he gets a proportionately higher royalty for foregoing it so long—e.g., he must then get 50 per cent. of the trade price.

All royalty agreements should further have the royalty increasing with the sale if they cannot bear a high royalty from the beginning. A royalty increasing with the sale is certainly a fair arrangement as between author and publisher.

* * *

CLAUSE VII.

In the event of the author neglecting to revise an edition after due notice shall have been given to him, or in the event of the author being unable to do so by reason of death or otherwise, the expense of revising and preparing each such future edition for press shall be borne by the author, and shall be deducted from the royalties payable to him.

ANSWER.

Clause VII. might, under certain circumstances—that is, if the publisher has purchased the copyright—be inserted in an agreement, but in the present form of royalty agreement it should be struck out. There is no need for it. Its impracticability with regard to technical writers during their lifetime has been explained.

CLAUSE VIII.

During the continuance of this agreement, the copyright of the work shall be vested in the _____ who may be registered as the proprietor thereof accordingly.

ANSWER.

There is no need either for the insertion of this clause. The copyright is the author's, and must remain so. The clause is inserted evidently with the idea of the copyright being vested in the name of the publisher. This would be a mistake.

CLAUSE IX.

The publisher shall make up the account annually to _____ and deliver the same to the author within _____ months thereafter, and pay the balance due to the author on _____

ANSWER.

This account clause is so beautifully vague that it is hardly worth while to comment upon it, except to point out that it is a mistake to have accounts made up annually delivered three months after they are made up, with the amounts due payable three months after that, making it possible for the publisher to retain the author's money for nearly eighteen months. This is a common account clause amongst publishers, and no doubt they find it exceedingly useful to have the control of the author's money for so long a period. The mere interest on such money would go a long way to pay the office expenses in a big office. But the inconvenience to the author, not to mention the danger of bankruptcy or similar contingencies to the firm, is very considerable.

CLAUSE X.

If the publisher shall at the end of three years from the date of publication, or at any time thereafter, give notice to the author that in his opinion the demand for the work has ceased, or if the publisher shall for six months after the work is out of print decline or, after due notice, neglect to publish a new edition, then and in either of such cases this agreement shall terminate, and, on the determination of this agreement in the above or any other manner, the right to print and publish the work shall revert to the author, and the author, if not then registered, shall be entitled to be registered as the proprietor thereof, and to purchase from the publisher forthwith the plates or moulds and engravings (if any) produced specially for the work, at half-cost of production, and whatever copies the publisher may have on hand at cost of production, and if the author does not within three months purchase and pay for the said plates or moulds, engravings, and copies, the publisher may at any time thereafter dispose of such plates or moulds, engravings, and copies, or melt the plates, paying to the author in lieu of royalties per cent. of the net proceeds of such sale.

ANSWER.

The first part of Clause 10 is certainly necessary for the protection of the author, as it would be very awkward supposing the publisher refused to produce the book when the author had a certain market for it. If, however, as in the case of some educational works, the publisher desired still to maintain the control of the market, so as not to allow the author to republish a book in competition with one which the publisher had already before the public, it would be easy to evade the clause by having a few copies ready on hand. The latter part of the clause, however, could not possibly be equitable as between author and publisher. It is quite possible that the moulds and engravings might be so worn that they would not be worth half the cost of production, and the copies of the book that the publisher had on hand might not be worth the whole cost of production, as it is quite possible that they might have been damaged or otherwise defaced. If, therefore, the author refused to purchase the books at the cost of production on account of some damage that they had received, it would be possible for the author in reproducing the work with some other publisher to be under-sold. The author should have the option of taking over the stock and plates at a valuation. The danger, however, is not a very large one, as if the book was in such a condition that the author desired to bring out a new edition and the publisher did not, it would most probably argue that the book had very nearly reached the end of its sale, in which case there would most probably be only a few copies on hand. The danger, however, is one that should be guarded against.

* * *

CLAUSE XII.

The term "publisher" throughout this agreement shall be deemed to include the person or persons or company for the time being carrying on the business of the said publisher under as well its present as any future style, and the benefit of this agreement shall be transmissible accordingly.

As witness the hands of the parties.

ANSWER.

Clause 12 should on no account stand. It is most important, as

explained when discussing the parties to this agreement, that the contract should be a personal contract, and this point should always be before authors when signing agreements. They should under no circumstances allow such a clause to pass.

This is a fair comment on the royalty agreement as it stands. Many suggestions might be made as to the insertion of various clauses, and the protection of the author on other points. But, as stated in the opening sentences, these are faults of omission, and the agreement has only been dealt with as regards the drafted clauses. It might be well to mention that some definite time should be fixed on, before which a publisher should not be allowed to make remainder sales.

A LETTER FROM R. L. STEVENSON.

"ALEXANDER IRELAND is known to most book-lovers chiefly as the compiler of *The Book-lover's Enchiridion*, but it will perhaps be as the friend of some of the greatest literary celebrities of his day that he will longest be borne in remembrance. And that day was a long one, for he was born in Edinburgh on May 9, 1810, and died in Manchester on December 7, 1895."

The current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which the above passage appears, prints several letters Mr. Ireland received from literary men, including this communication (one of three) from Robert Louis Stevenson:

"Davos, Switzerland [1881?]."

MY DEAR SIR,—This formidable paper need not alarm you: it argues nothing beyond penury of other sorts, and it is not at all likely to lead me into a long letter. If I were at all grateful, it would, for yours has just passed for me a considerable part of a stormy evening. And speaking of gratitude, let me at once, and with becoming eagerness, accept your kind invitation to Bowden. I shall hope, if we can agree as to dates, when I am nearer hand, to come to you some time in the month of May. I was pleased to hear you were a Scot—I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the more we feel that bond.

You ask about Davos. I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily, I think, in the *Pall Mall*, and I mean to say no more; but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wild again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has to my eyes but one advantage—the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds. I dare say you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. Davos has done me, in my two winters of Alpine exile, much good; so much that I hope to leave it now for ever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonable crazy state, any cold night sends me skipping, either back to Davos or further off. It is dear, a little dreary, very far from many things that both my tastes and my needs prompt me to seek, and altogether not the place I should choose of my free will.

I am chilled by your description of the man in question; though I had almost argued so much from his cold and undigested volume. If the republication does not interfere with my publisher, it will not interfere with me; but there, of course, comes the hitch. I do not know Mr. —, and I fear all publishers like the devil, from legend and experience both. However, when I come to town, we shall, I hope, meet and understand each other, as well as author and publisher ever do. I liked his letters; they seemed hearty, kind, and personal. Still, I am notably suspicious of the trade; your news of this republication alarms me.

The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted! I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox (or the great one)—diseased—and black-hearted, and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

I trust that Mrs. Ireland does not object to smoking; and if you are a teetotaler, I beg you to mention it before I come. I have all the vices; some of the virtues also, let us hope—that, at least, of being a Scotchman and

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—My father was in the old High School the last year, and walked in the procession to the new. I blush to own I am an Academy boy; it seems modern, and smacks of the soil.

P.P.S.—I enclose a good joke—at least, I think so—my first attempts, and wood-engravings printed by my stepson, a boy of thirteen. I will put in also one of my later attempts. I have been nine days at the art: observe my progress.

R. L. S."

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

IT must be admitted that up to the present the Authors' Society comes off best in the discussion of the agreements suggested by the Publishers' Association. We shall await with considerable interest the Publishers' reply to the criticisms of the *Author*, of which we give a condensed report on page 58. It must, however, be remembered that these draft agreements have only been suggested by the Council of the Publishers' Association, and that they have yet to be discussed and approved by the members of that Association. Under these circumstances it seems a pity that they should have been made public, and that the Council of the Publishers' Association should have thus invited criticism on mere "suggestions."

It is unfortunate that Sir Walter Besant should have felt compelled to indulge in "further comments" in the *Author*. Mr. Thring's arguments are straightforward and businesslike; but Sir Walter writes in a different strain. What can one say of such statements as this:

"The public cares nothing who publishes a book: of all tradesmen the publisher is the least regarded by the world. There is no single name on a title-page, I repeat, which will commend a book to the general public more than any other name."

and this—

"Observe that I do not say that a publisher never runs risks. I say that, as a matter of fact, his risks are few and of very small amount—of even trivial amount—as a rule: and that he need not run risks unless he likes" (?)

In secure retreat in a village under the North Downs, an artist has for some years been at work upon the patient study of nature. Nature at peace, nature in storm,

the clouds in all their angry or placable forms—the tremendous cumulus and minatory nimbus, the gentle cirrus and lowering stratus—of all the moods of the open air he has been a vigilant watcher, recording them in monochrome so persuasive as to shut out from the spectator the desire for colour. This artist is Mr. William Hyde, twenty examples of whose work lie before us in a volume entitled *The Nature Poems of George Meredith*, which Messrs. Constable have just issued.

THE poems themselves—among them being "Love in the Valley," the "Hymn to Colour," "The South-Wester," and "The Thrush in February"—represent to our mind Mr. Meredith's happiest poetical inspiration; but it is the illustrations that render this book remarkable. It must be long since so much loving effort has gone to the illustration of any work; it is longer since so fine a result was attained. Mr. Hyde's work—most comprehensively reproduced by the Swan process—is the work of an artist of great genius. The grandeur and beauty of nature have in him an understanding interpreter gifted with splendid strength of hand. The handsome volume containing these twenty plates is to be treasured, but we hope that Messrs. Constable also propose to issue artist's proofs in a portfolio.

In her preface to *Barry Lyndon*—the new volume of the "Biographical Thackeray"—Mrs. Ritchie quotes this entry from her father's diary in 1844: "In the evening to Mrs. Twiss's music." For Mrs. Twiss read Mrs. Dickens. The explanation is contained in the following "absurd little family tradition connected with the name of Horace Twiss which used to amuse us all. One day that he was dining at the Mansion House my father saw the Lord Mayor nodding at him in a friendly sort of way. 'I know you,' said the Lord Mayor, 'Horace Twiss.' My father disclaimed, but the Lord Mayor went on insisting. It was finally explained that he had taken his guest for Mr. Charles Dickens, and that he was alluding in a complimentary (though somewhat devious) manner to *Oliver Twist* which had lately appeared."

AND here is a passage from a letter of Thackeray belonging to 1840, describing Warwickshire (he was staying at Leamington):

"If you could but see how wonderful the country is, the country of Shakespeare. The old homes of England standing pleasantly in smiling cowlslipped lawns, whence spring lofty elms amidst which the breezes whisper melodies, the birds singing ravishing concerts, the sheep browsing here and there, and waddling among the fresh pastures like walking door-mats, the tender lambs trotting about on thick legs; the cows, bullocks, or kine, looking solemnly with large eyes from betwixt their crooked horns, the lusty rustics sauntering round about whistling, the fat yeomanry cavalry swaggering thro' the green lanes. . . . How I wish for Leigh Hunt, or any friend who really loves the country!"

THE Elizabethan Stage Society will give its last performance this season, on the afternoon of July 23. The scene will be the garden of Fulham Palace, which has been lent for the purpose by the Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton, the time, five o'clock, and the play will be Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," which, left unfinished by the author, has never yet been acted. In case of rain the performance will be given in the Hall of the Palace.

MR. LEONARD SMITHERS announces the publication of an edition of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," embellished with a cover design, a frontispiece in line, and five initial letters, decorative and illustrative, reproduced in half-tone from pencil drawings by the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, together with a critical essay on the author of the play by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan, and a eulogy of the artist by Mr. Robert Ross. Mr. Smither's circular offers certain criticisms of "Volpone" which Mr. Beardsley made while at work upon it. We quote this passage:

"In none other of his plays, not even in 'The Alchemist,' in 'Bartholomew Fair,' or in 'The Silent Woman,' are Ben Jonson's prodigious intellect and ardent satirical genius so perfectly revealed as in 'Volpone.' The whole of Juvenal's satires are not more full of scorn and indignation than this one play, and the portraits which the Latin poet has given us of the lechers, dotards, pimps and parasites of Rome, are not drawn with a more passionate virulence than the English dramatist has displayed in the portrayal of the Venetian magnifico, his creatures and his gulls. Like 'Le Misanthrope,' like 'Le Festin de Pierre,' like 'L'Avare,' 'Volpone' might more fitly be styled a tragedy, for the pitiless unmasking of the fox at the conclusion of the play is terrible rather than sufficient. Volpone is a splendid sinner and compels our admiration by the fineness and very excess of his wickedness. We are scarcely shocked by his lust, so magnificent is the vehemence of his passion, and we marvel and are aghast rather than disgusted at his cunning and audacity."

MR. ANDREW LANG will shortly publish, through Messrs. Longmans, *The Companions of Pickle: being a Sequel to "Pickle the Spy."* Certain criticisms on the theory that Pickle the Spy was Glengarry induced the author to look further into the Jacobite documents at Windsor Castle and elsewhere. The result is this volume—a set of eighteenth-century portraits. Among these is a biography, from MSS. and other sources, of the last Earl Marischal, the brother of Field-Marshal Keith, and friend of Frederick the Great. The other studies are on Murray of Broughton, the traitor, the traitor Banisdale, the Treasure of Cluny, the Troubles of the Camerons (1749-1755), the Persecution of Fassifairn, the Adventures of John Macdonell of Scotus, the last days of Glengarry, and on Mlle. Luci, the mysterious lady minister of Prince Charles. The volume concludes with a statement of the case against Glengarry, from hitherto unpublished documents, including his private letters, and with a view of the state of the Highlands between the Rising of 1745 and the great migration to America. Portraits of the Earl Marischal, Prince Charles, and others are given in photogravure.

THE *Author* should of all papers avoid misprinting the titles of books. Yet in the current number we find Mr. Lang credited with a new volume entitled *The Waking of Religion*. As if Mr. Lang were General Booth!

THE want of a handy and cheap Icelandic-English dictionary has long been felt by students in this country (so a correspondent assures us), and it seems as though we were at last in measurable distance of one. Following the example of Dr. Sweet, who has provided us with a trustworthy old English word-book, Dr. Jón Stefánsson has set himself to compile a dictionary which shall comprehend not merely the ancient language, but also modern Icelandic. Thus the great book of Cleasby and Vigfusson will be both abridged and supplemented. The labours of William Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon—who has, by the way, recently recovered from a severe illness—have had a marked effect in turning the interest of English people towards the North and its literature, but there is still an unaccountable lack of enthusiasm, despite the establishment of the Honours School of English at Oxford.

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD, who has acted for some years as Mr. Ruskin's secretary, is preparing a book which will deal with the land of the Sagas, and for which he is utilising many of his own drawings and paintings, the result of an extended tour last summer. An exhibition of these was held last February in Clifford's Inn; and now Mr. Collingwood intends to render his work of permanent value. He will have the assistance of Dr. Jón Stefánsson in the "libretto," and upwards of 150 illustrations will supplement the text.

AMONG the documents which compose the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri" the first part of which, translated by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, has just been issued by the Egyptian Exploration Fund authorities, is a letter from a boy to his father. At the lowest computation this letter is sixteen hundred years old, yet how familiar is its tone!—

"Theon to his father Theon, greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to the city! If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter, or speak to you, or say good-bye to you; and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand, nor ever greet you again. That is what will happen if you won't take me. Mother said to Archelaus, 'It quite upsets him to be left behind (?)' It was good of you to send me presents . . . on the 12th, the day you sailed. Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat, I won't drink; there now!"

Boys write very much like that to-day.

THE Winchester Edition of Jane Austen has now reached *Pride and Prejudice*, which is presented to the reader in two spacious volumes, the page of which is a veritable joy to look upon. Miss Austen is having quite a busy period just now. Mr. George Allen, we understand, is adding an illustrated *Emma* to his reprints of standard

novels. Meanwhile, Messrs. Constable are preparing a handsome edition of Fielding, to which Mr. Gosse will contribute a general introduction.

AMONG the reminiscences of a journalist which are just now a feature of the *New Century Review* we find this month the following new story of the famous Jack Russell, rector of Swimbridge. The "passen" was called to the bedside of an old parishioner. He began:

"'What ails the', old chap?'
'Ah, passen, awm afeard awm dyin'!'
'Well! all o' us 'a got to die, and thou's had a vair look in!'
'That's right, passen! but awm afeard.'
'What's the' afeard o'? Hasn't murdered anybody, hast the'?'
'Naw.'
'Robbed anybody?'
'Naw.'
'Allus paid th' tithe?'
'Iss.'
'Hasn' meddled wi' any other man's wive?'
'Naw.'
'Then tell the devil to go to hell!'"

The end was peace.

FROM the same notes we take the following memory of Charles Kingsley, whom the writer met when a boy. Kingsley took him to Bideford new bridge, and standing there spoke thus: "This is Bideford bridge!—the new bridge, which I have never seen before. The last time I was here the old bridge was still standing, and in my memory it will stand for ever. Even now, while the new bridge is palpably before my eyes, I seem to see through it, as through a shadow, the solid figure of the old! And let me tell you, boy, that however long your life, or whatever changes it may bring, you will always find your mind going back to the memories and impressions of your youth. And remember too, that whatever joys, whatever successes, whatever conquests may be in store, you will always find that you never were so truly happy, so truly good, as when you were a child!"

A PHILADELPHIAN correspondent takes us to task for speaking of their present embroilment as the Americans' first foreign war. But surely he would not have us allude to the English as foreigners!

IT is only fitting that a periodical devoted to the dissemination of Mr. Ruskin's principles should have something to say on the recent wheat operations in Chicago. *Saint George*, the organ of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, speaks its mind strongly on the matter. Thus:

"It appears to us to be a grave scandal that the laws of any civilised country should permit a man, by reason of his superior wealth, to create an artificial scarcity of wheat by buying up all on the market, and then to re-sell it at a huge gain to himself. The laws of an enlightened country ought to protect its poor from being deprived of their bread in this manner, and its people generally from such dishonest trading. Wealth obtained in such a manner as this is indeed but the 'gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled

an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.' We would remind the Chicago capitalist, and all who condone his conduct, that the merchant's duty, as Mr. Ruskin so truly showed many years ago, is to provide for the nation, and if need be, on due occasion, to die for it. To take advantage of a great crisis for the purpose of personal gain; to add to the horrors of war a condition of affairs, among large masses of the poor, approaching famine, appear to us to mark a nature of colossal selfishness and cupidity, deserving of universal condemnation."

It is disheartening to reflect that Mr. Leiter, jun., is probably not a subscriber to *Saint George*.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's new romance, *The King's Jackal*, although it has been published in America but a few days, has already gone into a second large edition. The English edition has yet to come.

ANOTHER American novel which we should welcome in an English dress is a story by Clara Sherwood Rollins, entitled, *Threads of Life*. From the following passages, which we quote from a review in an American paper, we gather that it is more witty and readable than much fiction that crosses the Atlantic:

"Religion is like matrimony. Not the ideal thing perhaps, but the best we know of the kind."

Herbert Fiske was a man who believed in two gods—viz., Health and Himself. He made sacrifices to the former and prayed earnestly to the latter. Therefore his prayers were answered more frequently than most, and at fifty-five he had tasted many of the sweetest joys of life without being satiated.

Some wise old philosopher once said that friendship is one mind in two bodies. When we meet our own mind in another body companionship begins, and life is enchanting."

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, which is taking its old place again among the magazines, has secured two interesting series of articles for its next year. One of these is a bundle of letters from Carlyle to his sister, Mrs. Hanning—"Jenny"—which will be arranged and edited by Mr. Copeland, of Harrow; and the other is the autobiography of Prince Krapotkin.

COUNT TOLSTOI's work on "Christian Teaching," in which he tells the story of the peace of mind and spiritual assurance he now knows, begin, in translation, in the current *New Age*. The translator is Mr. V. Tchertkoff, who states, in his prefatory note, that Count Tolstoi, though still dissatisfied with the document, offered it to English readers through him, in the following words: "I think that, even in its present form, there may be found in it something useful to men. Therefore, print and publish it as it is; and, God willing, if I become free from other works, and still have the strength, I will return to this writing, and will endeavour to make it plainer, clearer, and shorter."

OF Count Tolstoi's message it is too early to speak—only the opening passages are here given—but the venerable teacher claims to stand in line with other men who also have sojourned in the wilderness. Thus:

"At length this solution became perfectly clear, and not only clear, but incontestable as well; because, firstly, it harmonised entirely with the demands of my reason and heart, and secondly, when I came to understand it, I saw that this was not my exclusive interpretation of the Gospel (as it might appear), nor even the exclusive revelation of Christ, but the very solution of the problem given more or less explicitly by the best among men both before and after the Gospel was given; a succession from Moses, Isaiah, Confucius, the early Greeks, Buddha, Socrates, down to Pascal, Spinoza, Fichte, Fierbach, and all those, often unnoticed and unknown, who, taking no teachings on trust, thought and spoke sincerely upon the meaning of life. So that, in learning the truth I drew from the Gospel, I was not only not alone, but I was with all the best men of the past and the present; I became confirmed in this truth, and at peace; and I have since with gladness passed through twenty years of life, and am with gladness drawing near to death."

THE Editor of *The London Year Book* appears to be answering all his critics by letter. Our own reviewer complained that he found in the book such a preponderance of miscellaneous matter that he was at a loss to determine the real character of the work. Referring to our reviewer's remark that he looked for municipal information and found light essays, the Editor writes: "Does your reviewer go to the *Edinburgh Review* in the hope of gathering information about Edinburgh, and about nothing else?" No, he goes to the *Edinburgh Review* for reviews, and to *The London Year Book* for the class of information which is associated with Year Books. Had the contents of Mr. Lawler's publication been in our reviewer's judgment valuable and coherent, he would still have thought the name unfortunate. But he was merely bewildered, and he said so.

A GENTLEMAN, lately returned from the Punjab, has an interesting reminiscence concerning *The Christmas Quartette*. In this little book, written by members of the Kipling family, Mr. Rudyard Kipling made his first appearance between covers. "It was published at Lahore, December, 1885, at the humble price of 2s. (to be quite exact, one rupee eight annas), and had no sale to speak of. Mr. D. P. Masson, then the managing proprietor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, of which Kipling was sub-editor, told me that until the London boom came he could have 'papered Lahore with unsold copies of the book.' Then the rush began and they went off like wildfire. The demand for copies was tremendous, and the market value of the Kipling *Quartette* in India to-day is just about £6." Not long ago, however, a single copy put up by auction at Sotheby's fetched £12 10s., and a few days since the same author's *Echoes* brought £19 5s., and his *Departmental Ditties* £14.

LAST week we published an interview with a seaside librarian, in which the decay of Mr. William Black's popularity was deplored. This gentleman should be pleased to note that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are adding Mr. Black's *Daughter of Heth* and *Princess of Thule*, two of his most charming stories, to their sixpenny reprints of modern novels.

MR. OSCAR KUHN, the author of a work on *The Treatment of Nature in Dante*, favours us with a copy of the post-card received from Mr. Gladstone in recognition of the gift of a copy. The date is October 9, 1897:

"DEAR SIR,—Accept my hasty but very cordial thanks for the gift of your new work on Dante, of whom I have in my day been a feeble but devoted student.

I rejoice in this new proof that the great poet, in his immortal youth, can traverse the ocean as he floats buoyantly down the centuries, everywhere a blessing to mankind.—I remain your very faithful

W. E. GLADSTONE."

HAVING given so much space to Mr. Kipling's fascinating letter concerning *The Tempest*, we cannot do better than quote some of Mr. Henry Strachey's reply to it in the current *Spectator*. Mr. Strachey pins his faith to William Strachey's pamphlet, published in 1612, on the "Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight; upon, and from the Islands of the Bermudas." From Strachey, it is argued both by Mr. Henry Strachey and by the American Shakespearean, Mr. H. H. Furness, the dramatist may have drawn his scenery. Says Mr. Furness:

"Prefixed to one of Strachey's pamphlets on *The Colony in Virginia Britannia*, dated London 1612, there is a Sonnet addressed to the 'Councill of Virginea,' followed by a Preface which is signed 'From my lodging in the black Friars. William Strachey.' To these facts we can apply the universal solvent which subdues everything connected with Shakespeare's biography, and say, it is not improbable that Shakespeare and Strachey were intimate friends, and it is not improbable that of all men it was Strachey whom, full of adventures, of shipwrecks, of tempests, of travellers' stories, Shakespeare 'got quietly in the corner and milked.'"

Mr. Henry Strachey adds: "William Strachey also wrote a copy of verses to Lord Bacon. I leave this fact, and also that William Strachey's initials are the same as those of William Shakespeare, to the Baconians. Surely their ingenuity will be able to get something out of them."

THE members of the Scottish History Society have received the first of the two volumes of *The Diplomatic Correspondence of Jean De Montereul and the Brothers De Bellière*, French Ambassadors in England and Scotland, 1645-48. The correspondence, which is reproduced from the original cipher despatches in the archives of the French Foreign Office, and has been edited by Mr. J. G. Fotheringham, relates to the efforts made by France, under the direction of Cardinal Mazarin, to assist Charles I. during the closing years of the Civil War. The

despatches in the present volume deal with Montereul's negotiations with the Scots Commissioners and Charles I. in the interest of France, and cover an important epoch. They begin in August, 1645, and end with the surrender of the King by the Scots to the English Parliamentary Forces in the beginning of 1647. The second volume will not be published till next year. It will contain Montereul's letters from Edinburgh (eighty in number) from the time he took up his residence in the Scottish capital, in February, 1647, down to July, 1648, when he returned to France.

THE next publication of the Scottish History Society—it is in the hands of the printer—will be the first volume of *The Papers Relating to the Scots Brigade* at the Hague, consisting of (1) extracts from the resolutions of the States-General; resolutions of the Council of State; portfolios of requests, of diplomatic correspondence, and of military affairs, &c.; and (2) regimental papers kept in the several regiments during the eighteenth century, and now preserved among the municipal archives in the Town Hall of Rotterdam.

LORD ROSEBURY, who is president of the Scottish History Society, has suggested—and the Council has his Lordship's suggestion under consideration—that a book should be compiled (on the lines of Haydn's *Book of Dignities*) setting forth all the honours and dignities conferred by the Stuarts after their departure from England in 1689. There is no list, yet such a list, Lord Rosebery thinks, although not easily compiled, would be invaluable to the historian of the Stuarts. While dignities and ministries are perhaps of ephemeral interest when conferred by dynasties that are actually existing, there is, in the opinion of his Lordship, an element of sympathetic pathos about them when they represent nothing but a faded, an abdicated, and a banished power; and he is not sure that the whole calendar of the melancholy Court of the Stuarts would not have a greater interest both for the historian and the student of human nature than Haydn's book.

In a curious little book entitled *The Place Names of the Liverpool District*, by Mr. Henry Harrison, we are offered on the fly-leaf the following opinions of Liverpool by various and diverse critics:

"Liverpool . . . that Saxon hive."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Liverpool . . . the greatest commercial city in the world."—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"That's a great city, and those are the lamps. It's Liverpool."

'Christopher Tadpole' (A. SMITH).

"In the United Kingdom there is no city which from early days has inspired me with so much interest, none which I would so gladly serve in any capacity, however humble, as the city of Liverpool."—REV. J. E. C. WELLDON."

To these might be added Mrs. Stowe's remark as the steamer entered Liverpool's river: "The quality of Mersey is not strained."

BURKE.

THIS year is Burke's centenary; and never had English men of letters so literary a statesman to honour. We think of him as the champion of justice to Ireland, India, and America; as the reformer of wrongs and abuses at home; as the prophet of wrath and woe to revolutionary France; but we think of him, at least not less often, as the friend of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Reynolds and Garrick; as the patron of Barry and Crabbe; as a member of The Club, as one of the most living and immortal figures in Boswell. Burke, thundering in Westminster Hall against Warren Hastings, is not more notable to us than Burke among his friends, "winding into his subject," as Goldsmith put it, "like a serpent," and proving himself Johnson's only rival in flow of argument and illustration. He was no Pitt, destined to the premiership from his cradle, and lisping politics in childhood; Burke "commenced author," and turned politician with a mind richly cultured by the humanities and by observation of men. As Arnold says of him, he was "almost alone among Englishmen in bringing thought to bear upon politics and in saturating politics with thought." For that very reason, he is a permanent force in the world of political thought, while his own age found him puzzling, inconsistent, prickly to handle. His political contemporaries busied themselves with the most immediate details of the political moment. Burke could not treat of the simplest question, unless *sub specie eternitatis* and in the light of high ideas, with a mind full of the past and foreseeing the future. Never did statesman bring to a practical mastery of facts so vast a power of poetic and philosophical imagination, so great a command of moral vision. It was his weakness as an orator: harsh of voice, ungainly of gesture, he poured forth profundities of high wisdom in a profusion of over-rushing eloquence, until he wearied the intellectual few and confounded the un-intellectual many. His writings are greater than his speeches, great as those are; and we may feel very confident that we, who read his speeches, admire them more passionately than did our ancestors, who heard them. We can follow at our lonely leisure the miracle of cunning logic that runs through that other miracle of golden eloquence; we can discern the stately structure, the high-wrought design, the imperial composition, better than even the most illustrious of those who watched that tall, gaunt figure with its whirling arms, and listened to the Niagara of words bursting and shrieking from those impetuous lips. The impassioned Irishman who took all human nature, all human history, for his province, was not the most appropriate orator for an audience of Georgian squires and placemen; they may not have appreciated Fox and Sheridan and Pitt, but at the least they must have found them more intelligible, more comfortable speakers. For Burke's oratory, rapid and fervent as it was, and infinitely emotional, was yet literature; it has no sonorous commonplace, no re-itera-

tion of one argument in a thousand forms, none of the devices so necessary for attracting and then holding the attention, for awakening and then keeping the intelligence, of an audience. On the contrary, it is compact of continuous and progressive reasoning; its copiousness of illustration, its wealth of imaginative phrasing, are not rhetorical embellishments to delight the hearers, but the inevitable luxuriance of a full and fertile mind, from which *nihil humani alienum*, which caught inspiration from all regions of its knowledge and experience. Said Johnson, in ill-health: "That fellow calls forth all my powers; were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." If the prince of talkers felt that, it seems probable that the House of Commons felt somewhat stunned and overwhelmed by the serried array of Burke's thoughts and words, so numerous, yet all so necessary. For—think of it!—to Irish eloquence and imagination he added English common sense, and enriched both with wide scholarship, with various learning, with liberal culture. We have the result of it in a series of orations, which are among the choicest glories of literature. Whether as orator or as writer, Burke stands in the great succession: he was almost the last legitimate descendant of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Taylor, Browne, of the men who used the English tongue with fearless magnificence, with "pomp and prodigality," glorying to reveal its richness of majestic music. His most eminent contemporaries—Hume and Gibbon, and even Johnson—seem absolutely of our day beside him: to find his like, we must look on to De Quincey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb. But they were, more or less, deliberate imitators of the English ancients: Burke's royal utterance was native to his tongue. Like Hooker, he revered and extolled the sanctity of Law: and can we not easily imagine Burke, not Hooker, author of the most famous praise of Law?

"Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power; both angels and men, and all creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

This is not only the doctrine of Burke, but it is the style in which, at his noblest moments, he loved to write. The commonwealth, he writes, is consecrated:

"This consecration is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God Himself, should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination; that their hope should be full of immortality; that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence, in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world."

Burke denounces a "Regicide Peace" with the stately vehemence of Milton defending an earlier regicide: he habitually thought

in "that large utterance of the early gods," but with less of extravagance, more of judgment. There is no English which carries the reader more irresistibly forward than the spacious and goodly English of Burke, as it sweeps and surges on its imperious way.

When Mr. Aubrey de Vere asked Tennyson whether he were a Conservative, the poet answered: "I am for progress, and would conserve the hopes of men." A splendid confession of faith, and very Burke. He had an intense feeling for the betterment of mankind, but upon the *antiqua via*: he loved reformation, hated innovation. To him there was a mysterious divinity hedging the very existence of civilised societies: behind legal enactment, and social usage, and public order, lay no purely natural origin or principle of growth and life, but "something far more deeply interfused": *θεῖον τι*. He speaks of the State, the Commonwealth, in terms of reverent awe commonly reserved for the Church: be the inherited form of government what it may, it is to him the Ark of the Covenant. That "metaphysical," or "mechanical," or "mathematical" systems and theories should usurp the august place of long descended wisdom, realised and energising through a thousand channels, was a nightmare in his eyes. He was a devotee of facts, patent and established; he appealed to no ideals of Cloud-Cuckoo-Town, but to the circumstances and conditions that he found about him. In a fine sense, he was the prophet of expediency. If certain treatment of the American Colonies, of the Irish Catholics, was visibly ruinous and morally wrong, he cared nothing for demonstrations that it was legally, technically justified; he was always for considering the "nature and necessities" of the case. Viewing the world with eyes trained to see it "steadily and whole," he had no patience with extremes: "the rights of man lie in a middle." We must give and take. The one thing fatal is to insist upon rigid adherence to any abstract principle, axiom, proposition, up in the air, rather than to the visible and tangible facts, clothed with flesh and blood, among which we live. To reject the past, to become a voluntary *parvenu* and orphan, to long for a vulgar *nouvelle richesse* in principles and institutions, is to make yourself a sorry and shivering spectacle before the angels. Burke was both reformer and reactionary, but always consistent; from first to last he fought for the reform or the improvement of society; but let it go unreformed and unimproved, if reform and improvement mean radical innovation. His temper was much that of Erasmus and More in the sixteenth century. Reform the Church! Yes, with all our hearts; but if reformation mean deformation, and to purify the Church be to unchurch it, no! To Burke the horror of the French Revolution lay in its wanton destruction of ancient ties with the national past, its ruthless waste of venerable institutions. He was no sentimentalist aghast at bloodshed and spoliation, deeply as they moved him. With his friend Goldsmith he would not be content to mourn over the picturesque desolation of "Sweet Auburn," its ruined

gardens and crumbling cottages; he, too, would find the real sorrow in the fact that

"A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

When Jacobins rapturously destroyed what no power could supply—a truth acknowledged by Carlyle—Burke mourned with a more than Jacobinical intensity. But he brought the same intensity of protest against the mad Toryism which, relying upon prescriptive right, insisted upon wronging British America: in each case he saw things as they in truth were, not with distorted vision. It was clearness of vision to discern what was, which gave him "something like prophetic strain"; half his passion proceeded from a sense of foreseeing so clearly from to-day's facts, what must be to-morrow's, while others, were in judicial blindness. It is terrible to be Cassandra; and that was often Burke's exasperating lot.

But his wisdom is for all time, not for the last century. When we wish to study principles of government, of statecraft, of political philosophy, which breathe the very reality of humanity, yet are filled with a sacred spirit from "an ampler ether, a diviner air" than ours, we can turn with security to our Chrysostom of statesmen. Turgenev calls one of his creatures "the idealist of realism." With a loftier significance it is true of Burke.

SOLDIERS' SONGS.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS is an old campaigner who should know well the musical needs of Mr. Thomas Atkins. One therefore turns with particular interest to the little collection of songs which he has compiled, under the title *Soldiers' Songs* (Routledge & Sons), for the delectation of the British Army during its off hours, and its encouragement on the march. "Several times," he says in his preface, "in the field and in camp, with British troops abroad and at home, it has occurred to me how desirable it would be to have a book of songs something on the lines of the *Soldatenliederbuch* of the Prussian Army, but adapted to our more popular institutions and to the Voluntary Service, which is the pride of so many among us. In my writings I have more than once suggested such a book, but as nobody has come forward with anything resembling what was in my mind, I ventured to ask permission of the Heads of the Army to attempt the task, and I have submitted the compilation to the Commander-in-Chief, who has been pleased to sanction its publication." The book, then, is more or less official. The taste of the singing soldier is very much the taste of the singing student, and that genial and enkindling work *The Edinburgh Students' Song Book*, were it stripped of whatever is purely academical, such as the loyal ditties by the late Prof. Blackie, would provide the soldier with as excellent an entertainment as he could wish. Indeed, we are disposed to think he might prefer it to Mr. Williams's collection, where the military spirit is more insisted upon; for singing, whether on the march or in the

canteen, is a matter of relaxation, and in relaxation one does not wish to be continually reminded of one's trade. The soldier's trade is war; we doubt if he wishes his music, as well as his officers, to emphasise this point. But from the editor's own contributions we gather that that is not Mr. Williams's opinion.

"There's soldiers none in any realm
More loyal to the Flag;
Our sailors steady to the helm
And to the 'Glorious Rag.'

There's unity in Britain's bounds
Under the triple cross,
'God save the Queen,' the Empire sounds,
For her, life counts but dross."

This is the kind of thing that Mr. Williams would have Tommy Atkins cheer his steps withal; and this:

"Where'er the Empress-Queen's revered,
The Old Home is to hearts endeared,
In every hour of every day
A British heart is felt to say,
We know, we know

Why Empireland doth greater grow.

Justice to all, or weak, or strong,
This does to Empireland belong,
Black men and white securely feel
Protection from the commonweal;

'Tis so, 'tis so,
Our Empireland doth greater grow."

And this:

"In our valour and skill now confiding
All the Empire awaits our success,
On us is her fate now abiding,
On her knees she does each of us bless.

March on! as the millions before us,
That great empire have won in their age
We, singing our patriot chorus,
Will illumine our history's age."

The chorus being:

"To fight for England's glory!
'Tis the noblest task
That our hearts can ask,
To fight for England's glory."

These sentiments are noble enough, but are they what soldiers want to sing? We have great respect for Mr. Williams's judgment, but at the same time we beg to doubt if his zeal has not somewhat carried him astray. The soldier on march, and of an evening over his pot of beer, prefers fun or sentimentalism. If he is to be reminded of war, he would prefer it to be done humorously, as in Bon Gaultier's "Raid of the MacTavish," which, with its perfect air, is omitted by Mr. Williams, or in Peacock's "War Song of Dinas Vawr," to which, we believe, no music has yet been supplied. Mr. Atkins knows too much of what war really is to wish to upraise his voice in Mr. Williams's platform lyrics. (But possibly—the thought strikes us—Mr. Williams knows that, and has dropped in these efforts for the joy of the Voluntary Service.) We must not seem to convey the impression that Mr. Williams offers nothing comic, or festive, or wistful. On the contrary, he prints "The Leather Bottel" and "Kate Kearney"—

"But who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney"—
and "Fanny Dearest," and "The Bowld Sojer Boy," and "The Mistletoe Bough," and "The Tight Little Island," and "The

Red, Red Rose," and "Judy Callaghan," and "Annie Laurie," and the "Widow Machree," and "Sally in Our Alley," and "Tom Bowling," and "The Girl I left behind Me," and "The Bailiff's Daughter," and "My Dog and My Gun." But "The Old Folks at Home" (that eternal favourite) is curiously lacking; and for high spirits we seek almost in vain. Mr. Williams, we fear, would have the soldier a shade too literary. Leaving music-hall ditties (which Mr. Atkins can always acquire, by a kind of instinct, without the assistance of print at all) out of the question, there are certain classic pieces of nonsense with which Mr. Williams might well have salted his collection: "Up-i-dee," for example, and "Clementine," "There is a Tavern in the Town" and "John Peel" (though this is not nonsense), "The Death of Cock Robin," and "The Old Umbrella." Probably it was for "political reasons," to which Mr. Williams alludes in his preface, that the immortal "Wearing of the Green" was left out.

Another point. We have found fault with Mr. Williams for giving too little of high-spirited fun: might he not with profit have done more also in the opposite direction? What we miss in this collection, and, indeed, in most collections of the kind, is an expression of a feeling finer and deeper than mere patriotism is, a reminder that a soldier has a soul as well as a Lee-Metford. It may be that at Headquarters it is considered expedient to keep such a fact in the background; and Mr. Williams, knowing this, is not to be blamed. At the same time an occasional suggestion, if it could honestly be made, that God really is on the side of the big battalions—that is, of England—and that we do not fight always to gain or secure territory, but sometimes in the interests of right and justice, would be cheering. Mr. Williams, it is true, in one of the songs he has written for the volume, has this stanza:

"For Queen and Country still we fight
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And Britain always fights for right,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
To liberate and not enslave,
Upon the land or on the wave,
Her mission is—hurrah!"

But one would like something a little more explicit. There is nothing, for example, in this book even faintly to recall Julia Ward Howe's glorious "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which the Northerners sang, thousands strong, in the American Civil War. How does it run?—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps;
His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel—
'As ye dealt with my contemners, so with
you My grace shall deal';
Let the Hero born of woman crush the
serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be
jubilant, my feet,—
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on."

That is a soldiers' song worth marching to.

JULES MICHELET.

MICHELET's position among French historians may be likened to Sir Walter Scott's among our novelists. He is the wizard of history, whose evocations have the brave air of romance that suffices to beguile the dullest. But the Anglo-Saxon reader will inevitably cry out: "Too much imagination, too much sentiment, too much passion; above and beyond all, too many words." For Michelet was an infatuated romantic, who took to history as the others took to dramas, poetry, novels and fatal attitudes. Hence the grand air, the grandiloquent style, the impassioned declamations against iniquity, injustice. He best describes himself in his definition of the leaders of the Revolution: *complete men*, uniting the masculine and the feminine natures. Had he lived in those stormy days, I am not convinced that his sensibility, his nervous indignation, his hatred of Marie Antoinette would have suggested a more humane method of reform than those suggested by the ferocious sensibility of the remoter complete man, male and female. Even years afterwards, the sorrows of Marie Antoinette wring from him no words of pity. On the part of the people he will condone the worst brutalities, while a glance of contempt from an exasperated queen calls for the wrath of heaven.

At the moment of his centenary, Messrs. Calmann-Levy are issuing a new edition of Michelet's works, with prefaces by the best modern writers. Coppée, the friend of the Parisian sparrow, the winged Gavroche, writes a pleasant preface to *L'Oiseau*, one of the most charming of Michelet's books, a delightful mingling of reminiscences, reveries, fancy, natural history, anecdote, and poetry in a softer key than his usual flamboyant and hysterical prose. Loti prefaces most musically, if not with luminous or critical genius, *La Mer*, another fine and poetical work. André Theuriot will preface appropriately *La Montagne*, Jules Claretie *Les Femmes de la Renaissance*, Anatole France *La Sorcière*, Sully Prudhomme *La Bible de l'humanité*, Jules Lemaitre *L'Amour*, &c. There will be the usual deluge of articles, of

studies, of discourses—for Michelet is the glory of the Republic.

The man himself deserves all the admiration we find so excessive when lavished on his work. An incessant labourer, his industry is not only incomparable, but bewildering. In a single life so much accomplished! Whether we like the work or not, its multiplex aspect, its diversity of projects and interests, leave us abashed and humiliated, and we recognise the man's claims upon our admiration. And not only an indefatigable worker, but a tender-hearted, generous creature, full of passionate pity for suffering, fired to passionate fury by injustice and evil, a man of lofty principle and of austere life, disinterested in his prejudices, sympathetic by his very defects, which were the result of his love for the poor and humble.

It is impossible to share his faith, that the people in all lands are in the right whatever they do, and the aristocrats the miscreants and stony-hearted tyrants his imagination so fiercely paints them. And he quite ignores the tyrannical spirit of democracy when it gets the chance of ruling. But however illogical and prejudiced he may be, though we deplore that a man of such commanding genius as his should be so dense to the patent fact that the failings of the upper classes, just as well as those of the lower, have their origin not in class, but in humanity, and are largely traceable to our inherited weaknesses, we cannot ignore that generosity is at the root of those very prejudices that exasperate the balanced and intelligent reader. It is a virtue preached ages ago in Palestine by the first of Socialists and Republicans, to be on the side of the feeble and humble, and in his ruthless pursuit of this virtue Michelet proves himself an ardent Christian.

Another defect as a historian is an abuse of detail. Large effects are lost in the ocean of daily evidence. He spares nothing in his endeavour to evoke the past in its full and minute detail of environment, and he is persistently personal, digressive, and anecdotal. Oh, his apostrophes! Page after page of frenzied metaphor, idle invectives showered at the shades of crowned rascals, long-drawn tears of pity, impotent shouts of indignation, the eloquent levelling of tyrants worthy of the rostrum rather than the professor's chair. All this must you endure while history stands still instead of marching forward; and when you return to the interrupted event, you find your head a-weary with inflated verbiage and the exhibition of factitious emotion. By an excess which touches on the comedian's art, we are led, in spite of ourselves, to doubt the writer's sincerity. Such an abuse of apostrophe produces an opposing sensation of void. Michelet's brutality and Renan's urbanity lead us by diverse ways to the same open country, where all is doubt and indecision. The gracious gaiety of the one and the knock-me-down sensibility of the other obliterate for us all sense of security in our guides. Renan too visibly desires to captivate and Michelet too emphatically intends to maul, and we distrust equally the syren and the pugilist.

But if in the immortal tragedy of the

Revolution, which could not possibly be the same thing to Michelet and to us, since he was almost a spectator of those terrible scenes and knew all the actors, he seems too hard upon the Queen when sorrow struck her, he is not blind to the vices of her enemies. He can be severe enough upon the leaders, and calls Robespierre "the political Tartuffe, a tyrannical soul," and Marat "a vain, maniacal visionary, and charlatan." Even a Royalist could hardly go further. It is the people he takes for his hero, the great conscienceless, suffering people, animal in its resignation, superb, inevitable, and awful in its fury, like the sea, the elements. And just as passionately as he loves the people does he loathe England. Read him in *La Renaissance*, to see how far this hate carries him.

Occasionally he leaves an Italian court or a French battlefield to hurl a page of insult at the abhorred island—which is illogical, when you consider that Michelet adopts the French Protestants and Free-thinkers as his brethren; a fact that ought to make him indulgent to a race one of the first to clamour for that reform of the Church he so enthusiastically admires.

As well as a prolific writer of history, Michelet was for ten years a professor of history at the École Normale. This is how his pupil, M. Gabriel Monod, portrays him there:

"A young man of slight build, a rosy visage enframed by long hair turning grey already, in an evening-suit, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and pumps. He seemed unaware of the severity of the weather; his ardent glance testified to the inward flame that animated his frail body; thought irradiated from his wide brow and from the lively flashing of his eyes; speech seemed ready to burst forth, vibrant and coloured, from his fine and mobile mouth; his straight nose, with shuddering nostrils, showed a sensibility ever awake. He carried under his arm a few books or copy-books; walked quickly, with his head held high, as if animated and inspired by an inward dream; alien to all around him, except when the sight of a horse brutalised by a waggoner, or a dog martyred by children, caused him a brusque jerk, and drew from him a cry of indignation."

"When he spoke," says M. Monod, "we forgot cold and fatigue, the damp nudity of the miserable installation, and for two hours dwelt in a world of fairyland, where all was light, warmth and life." Michelet inspired his pupils with so consuming, so ardent a devotion, that one of them described it rather as "the passion of a lover for his mistress." He was a magician whose eloquence was winged and dreamy, not large and studied like that of the masters of rhetoric, but suggestive, always full of surprise as the revelation of his own personality athwart the haze of history. Now he thundered against the Church, of which he is the embittered enemy; now against royalty; ever and always against despotism under any form. It must have been monotonous to hear, as it is decidedly monotonous to read. Passion in him becomes dull for lack of variety and humour. He never laughs; if he smiles, it is with a tear of sensibility near his lashes.

However glowingly his fervent disciples may write of him, they cannot lend vivacity

to his heavy eloquence, nor brightness to his impervious density. This will sound an enormous profanation to the faithful, and they are many in modern France. Michelet, the impassioned, the thrilling historian, the man of intense vision and interpretative genius, the glorious writer of those prose poems in natural history, *L'Oiseau* and *La Mer*! I hear their ejaculations and see conviction of my insular perversity in the eyes of enthusiasts. Well, I stand by my statement. Michelet is the densest of natures by very reason of that sensibility they so belaud. It enabled him to see only one side in each phase of history he studied; reserved all his sympathies for the elected prejudice. He is not large or convincing, and even his generosity, in its blind persistence, wearies in the end. One misses the counteracting element of humour. He is an incomparable master of history, so far as his limited genius goes, and reveals this art in a profusion of futile words and pages that essentially lessen the value of his work. The reader longs to boil him down and down into a half-dozen neat little volumes. Then, alas! he is so terribly sentimental; but that is a deficiency of his race when it feels too deeply. His rhetoric swings from shrill hysterics to thundering wrath. And what, after all, does it matter? The historian's mission is surely not that of a judge; and it is precisely this mission that Michelet has arrogated, with a sublime Hugoesque echo of denunciation running through all his erudition. Yet with all this passion for the picturesque and for inflated phrase, we understand the nation's worship of her great man; for a certain logical naïveté, a warm, indefinable charm of character, attracts us too, even when the writer bores.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

"THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE."

SOME INTERVIEWS.

THE publishing week has been redeemed from dullness, not to say vacuity, by the issue of the *Harmsworth Magazine*, and by the upheaval which that event has caused among news-agents great and small. Indeed, the stir among the news-agents is for the moment more interesting than the magazine itself. The magazine strikes one at the first glance as a wonderful production at the price. The price!—there's the rub. The plain man might suppose that a magazine, even one like the *Harmsworth*, could be launched at 3d. without friction, and that the finance of the matter would cause no one save the proprietors a moment's anxiety. But in order to carry out their design of giving to the public a colossal magazine for threepence Messrs. Harmsworth have dictated terms to the trade which are new and unpopular. It will be doubted by anyone who handles the *Harmsworth Monthly Pictorial Magazine* (to give it its full title) whether such a monster budget could be made to pay on the accepted lines of magazine

management. The labour and substance represented within its covers must cost a sum in the light of which the selling price, 3d., appears incredible, or, at the best, quixotic. It is not surprising, therefore, that Messrs. Harmsworth's terms to the trade are unprecedented in their severity. The reception accorded to these terms by newsagents has varied greatly, but we do not exaggerate when we say that the whole camp of retailers of periodical literature has been thrown into turmoil.

Consider and compare the following documents, in which the emotions of the trade have found vent in the last few days. We take them in a suggestive order:

I.

(From an Advertisement by Messrs. Smith & Son.)

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son regret to have to inform their customers and others that they are unable to execute orders for the *Harmsworth Magazine*, owing to the fact of the proprietors refusing to supply them, except upon terms which make the sale of the magazine upon the railway bookstalls an impossibility, save at a considerable loss.

II.

(From a London News-agent's Window.)

The *HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE* sold here. 3d.

III.

(From the Cover of a Bought Copy of the Magazine.)

As it is impossible for the majority of booksellers and newsagents to sell this Magazine at 3d., except at a loss to themselves, it has been decided to charge 3½d. The increased price leaves about a farthing profit to the shopkeeper after establishment charges are met.—R. N. & B. UNION, 185, Fleet-street.

IV.

(From a News-agent's Advertisement.)

The *HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE*. Cash, 2½d. Booked, 3d.

A magazine which can be bought in London at three different prices, yet cannot be had on Messrs. Smith's bookstalls, needs no other new features to attract notice. It resembles those heroes whose births have been attended by prodigies.

These things being so, a representative of the ACADEMY has made inquiries into the matter, and we print below his reports of short interviews which he has had with those whose opinions were best worth obtaining.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

OUR representative had a rapid talk with Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, whom he found in his office in Tudor-street, the central figure of the situation. "They are saying, Mr. Harmsworth, that you are riding roughshod over all the traditions of the news

trade, and denying the poor country news-agent a fair profit on your magazine."

Mr. Harmsworth was striding about his room, alert, magnetic, with the air that Napoleon might have worn when his artillery were taking their position on a strategic hill-top. "My answer to all that," he said, "is that up to the present moment—it is half-past twelve by this clock—I have sold six hundred thousand copies of my magazine."

"Messrs. Smith & Son?"

"Well, they have had their monopoly long enough. It were well for them if the man who created it were back in their midst. He was a statesman. But they have abused their monopoly, and it must go."

"Messrs. Smith & Sons say they cannot sell your magazine on your terms without loss."

"Then how does Graham sell it on the Glasgow bookstalls? Oh, I'm so tired of arguing and it is such a very old story! Did not I have to fight to get the half-penny *Daily Mail* sold on the bookstalls, and did not Sir Edward Levy-Lawson have the same fight with the *Daily Telegraph*, and did not we win?"

"The poor country news-agent?"

"The poor country news-agent is selling our magazine by hundreds of thousands. As for his doing it at a loss, that is absurd. I don't say that the magazine can be sold in every remote village."

"But in the towns?"

"Well, Manchester's first order was for 1,760 dozens, and they are repeating and repeating; and here are orders and congratulations from all England."

"You intend to fight Messrs. Smith & Son?"

"Yes, I do. It amuses me. It is good sport. You may look for a splendid fight."

THE POSITION AT MESSRS. SMITH & SON'S.

OUR representative has excellent authority for stating that the situation is regarded by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son as a grave crisis. The firm declare that their working expenses exceed 25 per cent., and are continually increasing. Were they to accept the terms offered them by Messrs. Harmsworth, they would be selling the *Harmsworth Magazine* at a loss. We happen to know that the best terms yet offered to Messrs. Smith & Son by Messrs. Harmsworth are 2½d. net per copy. The margin of ½d. a copy would not cover Messrs. Smith & Son's working expenses.

Two grave considerations which have not received much mention complicate the situation from Messrs. Smith & Son's point of view.

The first is this: That, were they to pay Messrs. Harmsworth the price they demand they would be giving that firm an unfair advantage over their rivals. Mr. Newnes would be certain to demand terms proportionately as good for the *Strand Magazine*, and thus the movement would spread and profits on magazines would be abolished.

The second matter is this: Messrs. Smith & Son are hampered in their struggle with

Messrs. Harmsworth by the right (as yet unexercised) which the railway companies possess, to insist that they shall retail any given magazine at the railway book-stalls, and at its published price. The companies have this right by contract; and it is not at all impossible that they may exercise it, for they may argue that the public must not be put to inconvenience on the platforms. Messrs. Smith & Son are appealing to the retail trade to aid them in the struggle, which they admit is likely to be a stern one. In spite of these difficulties, Messrs. Smith & Son are absolutely resolved not to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* except on terms more favourable than those offered them hitherto.

THE SMALL NEWSAGENT.

ONE of the men of the hour is Mr. Gowing Scopes, the secretary of the Retail Newsagents' and Booksellers' Union. Mr. Scopes has made a most vigorous effort to band together town and country newsagents in a league, whose members will agree to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* only at 3½d. Our representative said:

"Why have you done this thing?"

"Because it is my duty to look after the interests of newsagents, and those interests are being trampled upon by Messrs. Harmsworth."

"Do you say it is impossible for newsagents to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* at 3d.?"

"It is impossible for them to do so in London and make a profit. In the country the ordinary newsagent would do it at an actual loss. My plan has therefore been to induce newsagents to circumvent Messrs. Harmsworth by selling their magazine at 3½d."

"Are your efforts meeting with success?"

"Oh, yes; and especially in the North of England. In Reading, Leicester, Colchester, Burnley, Blackburn, Leeds, Bury, and many other towns that I might name, the magazine is being sold, under our special label, at 3½d. I could have achieved far greater results if there had been time; but it seems to have been part of Messrs. Harmsworth's policy to delay as long as possible the issue of their circulars announcing the terms on which they proposed to supply the *Harmsworth Magazine*. Consequently, I have had only a few days in which to consider the matter and take action."

"Well, how do you prove that Messrs. Harmsworth's terms are unfair to the retailer?"

"It is plain enough. Messrs. Harmsworth charge the trade 2s. 6d. per dozen copies of their magazine with no thirteenth copy thrown in. In London these terms can be endured. I say endured. They are not fair even in London, and the London news-agents who are selling the magazine on these terms are not making a fair profit, for the margin of a halfpenny on each copy is only sufficient to cover working expenses. In the country the case is much worse. There carriage must be paid, —paid, mind you, on a magazine that weighs

nearly 1 lb. per copy. It is simply impossible for the country newsagent to sell at 3d. without dead loss. If, on the other hand, he goes to a local wholesale man he is charged 2s. 9d. a dozen. This I know to be the fact. Thus out of the beggarly 3d. that he will make on the sale of a dozen copies he must provide the proportion of rent and working expenses. He cannot do this, still less earn a living wage."

"Well, but we find news-agents cheerfully selling the magazine at 2½d.?"

"Yes—in despair, and for advertisement. If a man sees that nothing is to be made by selling an article, yet something is to be lost by not selling it, he may make up his mind to sell it at cost price, or even less, in order to bring people to his shop, and ride on a boom."

"Do you consider that the action taken by Messrs. Smith & Son in refusing to sell the magazine on Messrs. Harmsworth's terms is justified?"

"Yes, I do; and they have my fullest sympathy and support. Messrs. Smith can no more afford to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* at 3d. than the poorest newsagent—that is, if business is to be business. Their working expenses amount to fully 25 per cent. of their takings. Their rents are enormous, and they have been so squeezed by the railway companies of late years that what might have been possible to them ten years ago is impossible now. Besides, if they were to consent to pay Messrs. Harmsworth a higher price for the *Harmsworth Magazine* than they pay—proportionately—for the *Strand Magazine*, what would be the result? Mr. Newnes and Mr. Pearson would naturally demand equally good terms, and business would be rendered impossible. I tell you that Messrs. Harmsworth's terms are impossible. They have no right to take the profits on their magazine out of the retailer's pocket; yet that is what they are doing all round."

"Will they succeed in their policy?"

"I think not. They are very powerful, and they have worked this revolution—so far as it has gone—very cleverly. But I believe that the Trade will quickly realise that they cannot allow the Messrs. Harmsworth to be dictators of their business."

WILL THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE PAY?

OUR representative's last inquiry was addressed to a high authority in the Publishing Trade. To this gentleman he put the question:

"Do you think a 3d. magazine, such as the *Harmsworth* can pay under any conditions?"

"It is a question. In America such magazines thrive, but they live on their advertisements, and the advertisement markets of the two countries are utterly different. In America you have an enormous, level, and homogeneous population to work upon. There, an advertiser appeals to the broad mass of the nation, and it pays to do so. Hence magazines, like *Munsey's* and the *Cosmopolitan*, attain huge circulations and are sold at 10 cents. But in England the

public is many publics. Circulation is not everything. It is more important to the advertiser that he should hit his public, be it ever so small, than the general public. Hence we have myriads of papers with small circulations, but fat advertisement pages. Don't you know that Mr. Munsey came over here some years ago for the express purpose of finding out whether he could safely launch a cheap magazine like the *Harmsworth*? After months of careful inspection, he went back to America declaring that the English advertisement market was not ripe for such an enterprise. Mr. Harmsworth, of course, has many advantages over Mr. Munsey. He already occupies a strong position in the English market. Well—yes—the *Harmsworth Magazine* may succeed, probably will succeed."

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEEDLESS EMENDATIONS IN THE TEXT OF "MACBETH."

SIR,—The only text of "Macbeth" that has any pretension to authority is that contained in the First Folio. The existence of some obvious misprints and the absence of any quartos for the purposes of collation have, unfortunately, given critics an impression that they have a free hand generally to deal with the text according to their will, and they have certainly pushed their self-assumed charter to the extremest limits. It is probably not too much to say that the final edition—which is, I venture to think, hardly within measurable distance of attainment—will be chiefly marked by the restoration of many of the rejected readings of the First Folio. Among other instances where it is not unlikely that this will be the final verdict, are the following passages:

(1) Act I., sc. 7, ll. 45-47:

"Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares no more is none."

So stands the original—apart from punctuation and spelling, which are, after all, matters of variable fashion. Rowe altered the last line into

"Who dares do more is none"

—a reading which strongly appealed to Dr. Johnson's moralising tendencies; and, no doubt, owing to his support, seems to have firmly established itself in the text. If, however, we take "no more" as equivalent to "no longer," we shall find the Folio reading to be much more in keeping with Lady Macbeth's retort. Macbeth simply intimates that it is absurd to charge him with cowardice; if he lacked courage he would not have gained his great reputation; daring and manhood are the same thing, and he has fully proved his title to either attribute. Lady Macbeth replies that if he shrinks from the deed he must have been less than man when he broached the subject of its commission to her. Then he appeared to have sufficient daring to do it; he seemed then, indeed, to be a man. But it was all put on. For now, when

circumstances are much more favourable, his courage forsakes him—a manifest proof on his own showing that he was never man enough to do the deed. Her speech furnishes no answer to Macbeth if he said, as Rowe suggested, "Who dares do more is none." She clearly understands his words to mean that daring and manhood are synonymous, and cleverly fastens upon the form in which he clothes this sentiment to gain her point. If he holds back he cannot deny that he dares no longer, and therefore is not a man.

(2) Act II., sc. 1, ll. 52-56:

"and withered murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his
design
Moves like a ghost."

The editors have hastened to "improve" this passage by substituting "strides," or "slides," for "sides." Yet, I would submit, that it is capable of a perfectly satisfactory interpretation as it stands. Murder is here described as bringing forward his side with each step, so as not only to lengthen the step and therefore get over the ground with greater speed, but also to ensure the foot falling flat and noiselessly. The text graphically expresses a combination of rapidity and stealth. Tarquin's movement on his baneful errand may be presumed to have been similar. But it has even been suggested that we should read "with Tarquin's ravishing ideas"—an amusing instance of the lengths to which conjectural emendation can go.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

July 2.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"EVELYN INNES."

MR. MOORE'S novel, laboriously written, has provoked criticism of the most careful kind. The *Speaker* devotes two articles to the novel. In these Mr. Quiller-Couch sets *Evelyn Innes* and *Esther Waters* side by side as being Mr. Moore's more mature and serious works, and he thus qualifies them:

"The idea of *Esther Waters* was the persistency and patient, but invincible, courage of the maternal instinct. The idea of *Evelyn Innes* is the persistency and invincible strength of private conscience. Each of these makes for goodness in the world, makes for moral beauty, and (whatever standard of salvation you set up) makes for salvation. Therefore each of these ideas, seriously presented, must make a moral book."

"Seriously presented." It is in his second article that Mr. Quiller-Couch asks himself the vital question whether the story of *Evelyn Innes* has been seriously, or rather truthfully (for he admits that Mr. Moore's seriousness cannot be questioned), presented; whether, in fact, this novel proves, to the moral benefit of the reader, that conscience cannot be trifled with. It is here that Mr. Quiller-Couch grapples with the, to him, unsatisfactorily drawn character of Evelyn. Thus:

"She baffles me in the first hundred pages, and by reason of this difficulty I am never

quite able to get on terms with her. She has the accusing conscience afterwards—and a plenty of it. But in the beginning she is not instinctively chaste. To put it down rightly, Mr. Moore does not appear to me to have so much as an inkling of the strength of chastity with which all but the quite abnormal women start equipped. By hypothesis Evelyn is normal enough to have a conscience in this, and a conscience which afterwards exacts heavy compensation for her trespass. Then it seems to me that to give full moral as well as artistic weight to these reproaches, the original trespass should have been less careless and easy, the native instinct more tenacious in defence. For I would urge that in any woman sufficiently normal to be instinctive in her deviation from the normal, chastity is an instinct, and a strong instinct. And we are not dealing with an irresponsible creature, a Manon Lescaut, but with a woman keenly alive to responsibility. Therefore, while in most respects I find Evelyn Innes a true woman (and, let me add, a captivating and amiable woman), on this one point she seems to have the blunter feelings of a man, and to be scarcely recognisable as feminine."

Mr. Quiller-Couch concludes a most exhaustive and sympathetic study of *Evelyn Innes* with the following generous words:

"Of late years Mr. Moore has achieved many things, and among them (if it may be said without presumption) the genuine respect of his fellow craftsman. . . . Mr. Moore has earned, and, I believe, has been given in a degree that must content him, the respect of all who know how respectable it is in an artist to give his best and nothing short of it, to make sacrifices for an excellence which (however contemptible to jumping amateurs and affable after-dinner men) is to him a matter of sincere concern, and to follow with simplicity whithersoever his convictions lead him. They have led Mr. Moore into some queer places; but somehow these accidents seem steadily to increase his dignity."

The *Saturday Review* traces Mr. Moore's development as a novelist, and thinks that his books "resolve themselves more and more into purely experimental studies, distinguished as clearly as possible from metaphysics." As for the moral significance of *Evelyn Innes*, which almost every critic has felt bound to discuss:

"Many readers will believe the intention of this book to be moral or immoral, to make vice attractive or to make repentance inevitable. But we are convinced that Mr. Moore had no such purpose, and that to affect it would have been in a high degree unbalancing and bewildering to his talent. He has simply concentrated his powers on the psycho-physiological aspect of things, without prejudice, without passion."

The novel deals, as simply as any Greek tragedy might, with a portion of the career of a woman on whom the stage-light is so focussed that four men, who are protagonists with her in turn, fade slightly into the background by her side. . . .

This is the sanest, the most solid, the most accomplished book which Mr. Moore has written."

The *St. James's Gazette* touches lightly on the morality of the novel as follows:

"It is unnecessary to waste many words over its 'morality,' and we mention the matter merely to be fair to Mr. Moore, since it has been mentioned elsewhere. There are people who think that any book—except the Bible and Shakespeare—in which an immoral act is mentioned is immoral therefore. In so far as *Evelyn Innes* has any significance for morals,

however, it is a moral book, since the end is the triumph of conscience over pleasure in the heroine's heart. That, in fact, is the main motive of the book—the struggle of 'conscience,' of dogmatic religion, of early associations against desire and luxury and fame. In the end of the book conscience triumphs, as we said, but it is not the end of the heroine's life, and we look for the final result in *Sister Teresa*, Mr. Moore's next book. As a story, apart from the psychological interest, which is considerable, we prefer *Evelyn Innes* to any book of the author's. She herself, and at least three of the four men intimately concerned with her (we are doubtful about the ecclesiastic) are clearly realised. The dialogue is good in places, but dialogue is not Mr. Moore's strong point; he inclines to make people talk as they might write—e.g., where the baronet, strongly moved, talks of 'the translucid calm of the ocean's depth.' A scene in which, we think, Mr. Moore has achieved an admirable and very strong effect is where Evelyn returns to her father; we mean the point where she exclaims that it is her father, in his coldness, and not she in her declamation who is acting."

But *Literature* is heavy-handed and unhelpful:

"Mr. George Moore's new novel confronts us with an unpleasant dilemma. To describe it negatively we should have to say that it is not in good taste, that it does not accord with common-sense or with any real experience of life; or, alternatively, that if the characters have any degree of reality, they are all so base that one finds neither pleasure nor profit in reading 480 pages about them. If this seems too sweeping an indictment of an author. . . . It contains only four important personages—three men and a woman, all of them accomplished musicians. The woman is a wanton, impure, and simple, but quite good enough for her father and her second lover. The wicked baronet is an old friend in the newest dress. There is no pleasure in reading a long account of these people's sins and their incessant chatter about musical art. Either an atmosphere of musical art breeds people of this kind, or it does not. If it does, it is the worst influence of our day; if it does not, the book is a libel on art and artists. And if any one, as is probable, needs a tonic after a dose of *Evelyn Innes*, let him read a greater and a healthier book—*Tom Jones*."

The *Daily Chronicle* reviewer confines his view mainly to Mr. Moore's presentment of Evelyn Innes as an artist. As a woman, she is not convincing:

"There are many admirable pages in the book, and innumerable touches of subtle vision and divination. Yet all these patiently accumulated touches do not make Evelyn Innes a real woman to us, and still less the type-woman whom we must suppose that the author saw in her. It is not that we disbelieve in her, or find her untrue to nature; only she never seems to act with that inevitableness which we feel in the sayings and doings of a thoroughly realised and vividly projected character. We seem always to be conscious of the author pulling her this way or that."

Finally, as to Mr. Moore's style, the *Daily Chronicle* says: "Mr. Moore's English improves with every book he writes. *Evelyn Innes* contains very few of the slovenlinesses of his earlier works." The *St. James's Gazette* is also inclined to applaud: "The writing has still that impression of having cost the author great toil, which is a little uncomfortable, and Mr. Moore is still over-indulgent to his taste for making general remarks about the nature of things; but, for the

most part, one can read him easily in this book." The *Athenæum* says: The style, though still a little lacking in nerve and decision, is a great improvement on Mr. Moore's former writing; and some of his phrases and jottings of character are decidedly pithy and poignant. Here is, perhaps, the best of them:

"Lady Duckle appeared to her as one who had never selected a road. She seemed to have walked a little way on all roads, and her face expressed a life of many wanderings, straying from place to place. There was nothing, as she said, worth doing which she had not done, but she had clearly accomplished nothing."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 14.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

HISTORY OF DOGMA. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated from the Third German Edition by E. B. Speirs, D.D., and James Millar, B.D. Vol. IV. Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES, FROM THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. From the German of Dr. Ludwig, Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Atrobus. Vol. V. Kegan Paul.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. Vol. II.: BUILDING OF THE REPUBLIC, 1689-1783. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND REIGN OF RICHARD THE THIRD, TO WHICH IS ADDED THE STORY OF PERKIN WARBECK FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. New and Revised Edition. By James Gairdner, LL.D. Cambridge University Press.

NOTES ON MEDIEVAL SERVICES IN ENGLAND, WITH AN INDEX OF LINCOLN CEREMONIES. By Charles Wordsworth. Thomas Baker.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE CRUSADERS, A SONG OF ISRAEL, AND OTHER POEMS. Anon. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND. By William Makepeace Thackeray. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each.

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN: PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. 2 vols. Grant Richards. 5s. each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RHODES'S STEAMSHIP GUIDE. Edited by Thomas Rhodes. George Philip & Son.

A SKETCH OF MORALITY INDEPENDENT OF OBLIGATION OR SANCTION. By M. Guyau. Translated from the French (second edition) by Gertrude Kapteyn. Watts & Co. 3s. 6d.

MANUAL OF LIBRARY CLASSIFICATION AND SELF-ARRANGEMENT. By James D. Brown. Library Supply Co.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN INDUSTRY. By Sydney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB: FOUNDATION AND OBJECTS, RULES, AND BY-LAWS, LIST OF MEMBERS.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Edited by W. T. Stead. Vol. XVII: JAN.—JUNE, 1898. 5s.

THE SOCIAL COMPACT: A GUIDE TO SOME WRITERS ON THE SCIENCE AND ART OF POLITICS. By R. W. Lee, M.A. B. H. Blackwell (Oxford).

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